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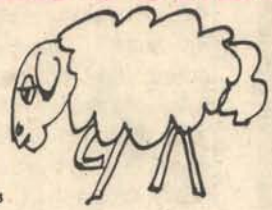

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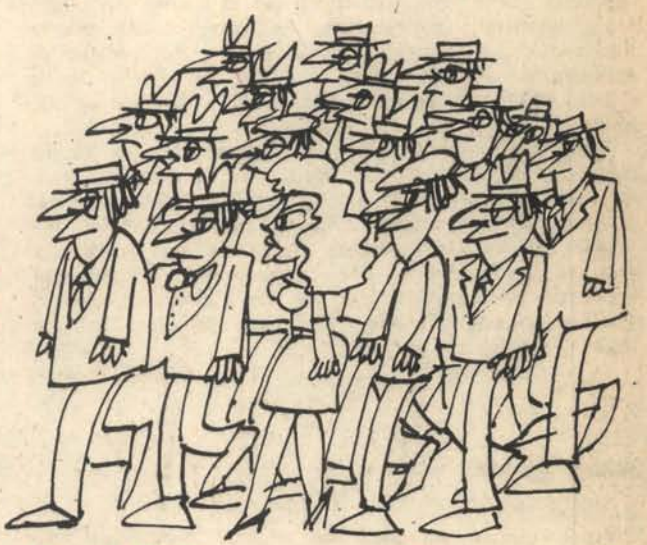

Queering Wall Street's 'Money Game'

COMMENTARY SEES RED
The Phantom of 'Anglocommunism'
Bernard D. Nossiter

'PROMISES, PROMISES'
Home to Roost In The White House
Adam C[illegible]ner

TODD GITLIN / PETER [illegible]ISM

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LETTERS

the right to criticize

Torrance, Calif.
I disagree ("What Right to Judge?" editorial, *The Nation*, Feb. 12). Americans who opposed our subhuman war against Vietnam have "the right" to voice their disquiet at evidence of violations of elementary human rights in that land. Remember that in opposing the war, they (and *The Nation* too, of course) were concerned for Vietnam and its people, and not for any particular Vietnamese leaders.

A parallel of sorts might be cited in Cuba, another small country whose economy and culture we distorted and debased through our corrupt puppet, the Fascist, Batista. Like many other Americans, I was, and am, a supporter of the revolution which ousted Batista and which has dramatically improved the well-being, health, education and dignity of the common Cuban. But because of our negative role in Cuba, do I lose my "right" to be critical of Fidel? To pose the question suggests its absurdity. . . .

Because we were so overwhelmingly responsible for the mutations in Vietnam's life which now confront its leaders, *The Nation* makes an earnest case for a "special problem" which precludes criticism by Americans of the policies of Vietnam's leaders. But these are treacherous grounds. No wielders of power must ever be beyond critical accountability. How long for the Vietnamese leaders? Five years? Ten? Forever? What was the time limit for blowing the whistle on Stalin? . . .

Lester Rodney

Nazi ghosts

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
Current German "historical" books of a "nonpolitical" nature continue to glorify the type of German nationalism one step removed from the Hitler movement. I quote from *Gespensterkreuzer HK 33* by Jochen Brennecke (Heyne Bücher, Munich, 1976):

> Commander Ernst Felix Krüder joined the Marinebrigade Ehrhardt in 1919. Forever in the foremost columns, he participated in the liberation of Braunschweig, chased the defectors out of Berlin, and dethroned the Bolshevik Soviet Regime in Munich.

The anti-democratic activities of the combination of the Kapp *Putsch*, the Ehrhardt Brigade, and General Ludendorff, of Hitler *Putsch* fame, are well described in Erich Eyck's *A History of the Weimar Republic* (John Wiley, New York, 1967). Considerable alertness concerning this type of nationalist dictatorial orientation in West Germany is strongly indicated.

In contrast to this, I wish to point out that literature and official pronouncements in the DDR (East Germany) remain militantly anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist. Let us give credit where credit is due.

Martin J. Gunter, M.D.

split image

Corvallis, Ore.
In his review of W.A. Swanberg's book on Norman Thomas, Richard Walton wonders parenthetically why the Left for decades expended "more passion on internecine conflict than they did fighting their common enemies on the Right."

A few pages later there appears a startling new subscription offer which differentiates *The Nation*'s style from "the

(Continued on page 306)

EDITORIALS

Tale of Two Confirmations

The contrast in the ways that the Senate has treated the confirmation of Admiral Stansfield Turner as the nation's chief of intelligence and Paul Warnke as its negotiator for arms control tells a great deal—much of it troubling, if not actually alarming—about the problems President Carter will have in scrapping old orthodoxies and finding support for new doctrines of foreign policy. The hearings, taken together, give a bleak picture of the flexibility Congress will grant to the new President as he tries to break out of the worn molds of the cold war.

The Admiral sailed through his oral exam with not so much as a barnacle of criticism sticking to him. A few of the Senators, those who had learned painful and even humiliating lessons from the exposures of their careless ignorance of past outrages by the CIA, tried to find a scruple under the skin of this suave sailor. Senator Mathias (R., Md.) asked him if he would inform the theoretically responsible "oversight" committee about covert operations before they happened.

The Admiral's answer was revealing in the wrong note it struck. He said he might eliminate from any such advance notice elements the committee would "not want to hear." This phrase recalled to Mathias some of the worst days of "patriotic" blindness in Congress. "That's a sore phrase around here," said the Maryland Senator. He was thinking of "a senior Senator [Stennis, D., Miss.] who said, 'I don't want to hear it' " about some of the CIA's dirty tricks in the not distant past.

"There are a lot of things in life we don't want to hear or know about," Mathias continued, adding, "I don't think that should be a criterion for withholding information." The signs that Turner will be frank with the responsible committees of Congress about future CIA huggermugger were faint, if they appeared at all; he merely promised to "study" the matter of protecting the civil liberties of American citizens as the CIA goes about its normal business of spying. And the committee left the impression that it was still guided by the secondary meaning of "oversight," which is, of course, to overlook.

Paul Warnke, on the other hand, was treated by one of the two committees he has had to appease as if he were a bomb-throwing radical eager to turn the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency into an arm of the Soviet Politburo. The grilling by the Committee on Foreign Relations was comparatively civil, but when the armed services warriors (who have no technical jurisdiction over the confirmation) had their turn, the questioning turned rough.

Warnke told this *macho* group that "rough equivalence [in arms] would have to do," and he noted that the phrase was popular with those notorious weaklings, the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He made a number of sensible observations, including one that any arms control agreement "would have to be fair to both sides" if it was to endure.

This common sense statement sailed over the heads of some of the fierce defenders of the flag. They punished him with barely concealed sarcasm for having harbored

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the notion that some of the weapons systems dear to the military's heart, and just as fondly regarded by the barons of the Congressional defense realm, were wasteful and even dangerous—because they led to reciprocal and perhaps even greater escalation by the Russians.

"I think we have created a monster," said that amazing reactionary Sen. Jake Garn (R., Utah), referring to the Soviet armed strength as if it were a creation of pusillanimous American leaders. He looked back with offended nostalgia to that brief period after World War II when the United States, he said, had "the possibility or potential . . . of ruling the world."

To this imperial dream Warnke had the only sensible reaction, telling Garn that he thought he was "suggesting . . . that the entire process of arms control negotiation is futile." Garn, admitting that he had called the "détente" of the Kissinger era just another word for appeasement, replied that what he wanted was "tough bargaining," a term which, freely translated, means posing unacceptable conditions to the Russians and then going on with the arms race at an ever-increasing pace.

These exchanges show the depth of the defenses of the unreconstructed militarists in Congress (and bad as the Republicans Garn, Goldwater, Tower, Helms and Bartlett are, one of the worst is the Democrat Henry Jackson of Washington). Carter will have a hard time pushing any agreement with the Russians past these blind watchdogs of the "national security," and the hearings on Admiral Turner give little promise of any fundamental reform of the "intelligence" apparatus that is one of its principal instruments.

Energy Czar

America, the land of the free, has a weakness for czars. Not for the autocrat-of-all-the-Russias type, but for the can-do, red-tape-slasher, super-bureaucrat variety who promises to deal ruthlessly with some particular problem that has defied solution. We are soon to have another such "czar" in the person of James Schlesinger, whose realm will be all of Energy.

Within a matter of weeks, it seems, Schlesinger will be installed as Secretary of Energy, heading the first new Cabinet department since Housing and Urban Development was set up in 1966. Its name will be the Department of Energy, whose initials spell DOE, a curiously gentle acronym for the hard-boiled, hard-line administrator who will head it.

Schlesinger, an unreconstructed cold warrior, has been no hero of ours in his previous incarnations as Nixon/Ford's Secretary of Defense, CIA chief and Atomic Energy Commission chairman. His passage from think-tanker to tank-thinker has left a trail of downed adversaries and fierce formulations for an aggressive American military and foreign policy posture. He is a charter member of the "failure of nerve" group, those who bemoan the public's lack of enthusiasm for permanent all-out confrontation with the Russians.

Nevertheless, if properly checked by the President, Schlesinger is probably a good choice for this particular czardom. Carter told his last press conference that "the

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energy field" in this country was "a horrible conglomeration of confusion" in which "nobody knows what is going to happen next." This vivid language was not excessive: the gas industry's refusal (allegedly for "competitive" reasons) to tell the government the truth about its reserves, is only the most recent example of why any sensible policy on energy is practically impossible.

Finding out the facts on this country's real energy situation is just the first step that will have to be taken, and it may require the use of thumbscrews on the oil and gas combines. Beyond that, policies for both conservation and development will have to be made and then forced past the special-interest representatives in Congress. Schlesinger has already said that "the basic question is how we get the public to take conservation seriously." However great his distrust of "the public," he must know that the people of this country can hardly be expected to save on energy when their government is doing nothing to curb the greed of the corporate energy producers and distributors.

If Schlesinger cracks the whip over the oil and gas lords, he can expect that Americans will respond in all sorts of ways to appeals that they stop squandering energy. The mere raising of the price of fuels, as advocated by the Milton Friedmans of the world, with their fantasies about the existence of a free market, will not do the job, at least not in any equitable way. There must also be a large national effort to develop the one fossil energy source we have in almost boundless abundance—coal. It is encouraging that both Carter and Schlesinger seem to have decided already that nuclear power is not the answer (on grounds of cost and safety; see *The Nation,* February 26 and March 5); the President has cut $200 million from the fast-breeder reactor program.

We will hear many self-serving warnings that a reduction in the nation's energy consumption will slow our economic growth. The answer to that is that America's prodigal use of energy has produced a growth rate slower than those of Japan and several European countries, where energy use per capita is half that of the United States. So we can end our wasteful ways and still prosper, if only we will bring all the elements of a rational national energy policy into a sound relationship.

That is the task of James Schlesinger, the cold analyst of policy and administration who is about to be crowned as a czar. Whatever their views of the politics of this chilly Republican, Americans have every reason to wish him well in his important new job.

The Power of Irresponsibility

It is easy enough to see Uganda's dictator Idi Amin as a clown, though an ominous one. His adulation of Hitler (he proposes to erect a statue), his calling President Carter "a very great revolutionary leader" and a score of other extravagances, many of them lethal, are right out of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* or *Black Mischief*. But with all those deadly toys lying around close to that erratic hand, the rest of the world must take the man seriously, and that is precisely what he intends the rest of the world shall do.

The question is, what can we others do about him, and the answer is, precious little. If he had massacred those American missionaries in Uganda, instead of just summoning them to his presence for a round of cakes and compliments, as he proposed to do before he apparently abandoned the whole caper, we would undoubtedly have staged an American version of the Israeli raid on Entebbe Airport. But the chances are that this operation would have been less deft and much bloodier than what the Israelis achieved by their swoop from the skies. And the aftereffects would have been most damaging to the U.S. reputation among black Africans.

Most of Amin's neighbors certainly hate and fear this unstable autocrat; Presidents Nyerere of Tanzania and Kaunda of Zambia have made no secret of their loathing. For the "image" of free Africa nothing could be worse than his brutal shenanigans, which include mass murders numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Only the white Rhodesians and the South Africans gain anything from his behavior—he makes propaganda for them against the idea of (inevitable) black rule. Amin's only real supporter on the continent is the utterly irresponsible Qaddafi of Libya, who will use anyone and anything for his sinister games.

Yet part of the colonial heritage is a reluctance by neighboring countries to intervene in the internal affairs of even so menacing a state as Amin's Uganda. African members of the U.N.'s Human Rights Commission even beat down in Geneva the other day a mild proposal to censure his genocidal behavior. They think, perhaps correctly, that if the new nations carved out of European colonial territories start hopping across one another's borders, the continent could erupt in a series of semi-civil wars.

It is distressing to think that there is little the rest of us can do about Amin as he goes on about his murderous business, but that is the truth. And it is even more upsetting to reflect on the fact that, in a few short years (as Kai Bird and David Berick wrote in "The Third World's Critical Mass," *The Nation*, February 26), "leaders" like Amin may well be armed with nuclear weapons.

The People vs. the FBI

"Sue the bastards!" might seem an unlikely slogan for American civil libertarians, but it is rapidly becoming the theme of the 1970s for one wing of that movement. Not many years ago it was the government that constantly hounded the Left (the Black Panthers, the Chicago Seven, Daniel Ellsberg, et al.) in political trials that had as their obvious aim the suppression of dissent. Now the tables are turned in pleasantly ironic fashion, and the legal counterattack is in full swing. On March 1, the most recent battle was joined when the National Lawyers Guild, filing a class-action suit in New York, charged the FBI, the CIA, various government departments and individual defendants including Nixon, Mitchell, Kleindienst and Helms with conspiracy to violate the civil rights of guild members. The guild is demanding damages in the millions of dollars, an end to official harassment, and the release of all information on the guild held in government files. The suit is not the first of this sort; it closely resembles those of the Black Pan-

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thers and the Socialist Workers Party. Nor is it apt to be the last.

The National Lawyers Guild is an organization of some 5,000 lawyers and law students devoted to using the law as an instrument of social change. Founded in 1937, it has a long record of providing legal help to poor and/or politically radical defendants. It was the first bar association to admit black members, and it operated an important legal office for the defense of civil rights workers in the South from 1964 to 1968. More recently the guild has represented Attica prisoners and members of the Native American Movement.

All these activities being subversive in the eyes of the Hoovers and McClellans of this world, the guild has long been under scrutiny. Just how much scrutiny, however, was not known until recently, when documents wrested from government files by means of the Freedom of Information Act (the passage of which is proving to be one of the most significant political events of the last decade) revealed the details. The FBI, et al., according to the guild's court complaint, infiltrated the guild, kept its members under physical and electronic surveillance, stole its documents, listed its members (simply because they were members) on the Security Index and its successor, the ADEX, subjected the guild to punitive tax audits, used Cointelpro methods to cause splits within the guild, intercepted communications between attorneys and clients, and committed a dozen other offenses.

Even given its by now familiar contents, the list is shocking; and Leonard Boudin, head of the team of lawyers which is bringing the suit, points out that it involves a dimension of civil rights that has not been covered by the suits brought previously: interference with the attorney-client privilege. In other words, not only has the FBI violated the rights of dissenters by innumerable forms of persecution; it has also tried to prevent dissenters from defending themselves in court, since the client's confidence in his attorney is crucial to an effective case. And the Cointelpro-style undermining of the guild must be seen as an attempt to deprive an entire segment of society of an important—often its only—source of legal protection.

Perhaps nothing has done more to make the American people distrust their government than this sort of abuse of power by security agencies. President Carter knew that well when he pledged during the campaign to restore our trust. What, then, can his administration do to end the state's meddling in the political lives of its citizens? A good beginning might be to read a booklet published last month by the Committee for Public Justice, entitled *A Law to Control the FBI*. The booklet points out that the FBI's duty is to enforce federal laws—so the first move toward ending the bureau's political role would be to repeal the infamous "speech laws," such as the Smith Act and the 1968 anti-riot act, that infringe on freedom of political expression.

Once deprived of its statutory excuse to spy on dissenters, the FBI should then be restrained by strict laws requiring the issuance of warrants based on probable cause before any subterranean techniques could be used in a criminal investigation. Civil liberties lawyers note that some of these measures could be accomplished administratively by Attorney General Bell; but in that case they could as easily be rescinded by an Attorney General of different mind. Carter should therefore press for legislation that lifts all restrictions on the nonviolent political activity of the people, and places strong restraint where it belongs—on the police.

Let Them Rest in Peace

During the campaign last year, candidate Carter taxed the Ford administration with not doing enough to get from the government of Vietnam a full accounting of Americans missing in action and unaccounted for in that long, disastrous war. He called it one of Ford's most "embarrassing failures" and promised that, if elected, he would send a mission to Hanoi to make a thorough investigation.

Now President Carter has appointed a commission headed by United Auto Workers' President Leonard Woodcock to go out there and fulfill his promise. The attack on Ford for negligence in the matter of the MIAs was one of the less appealing of the Carter campaign ploys, for the sad truth, as Carter must have known, is that little more can be done to find out what happened to the soldiers and airmen still unaccounted for.

As Robert Musil pointed out in this magazine ("Manipulating the MIAs," October 9, 1976), the number of men still listed as missing in Southeast Asia is remarkably low for that kind of war. The Pentagon still carries 2,550 on its rolls as "missing," and, after laborious research, all but about 800 of them have been officially declared dead. A Congressional delegation went to Hanoi last year to see what it could find about these unfortunate men and turned up no evidence at all that the Vietnamese were concealing anything or using them in any way as counters in a game with the United States.

The Hanoi government has seen no particular reason why it should turn its devastated land upside down in a search for evidence that these men in fact died at such and such a place at a given time. It knows as well as does the Pentagon that 82 percent of the MIAs were crew members of downed planes, many of which exploded in the air, allowing no escape by parachute.

Nonetheless, the MIA issue has hung over the whole question of restoring normal relations between this country and Vietnam, and it has been used in a shameless way by Americans who have an interest in exploiting this painful question (and thus the families of the missing) for political reasons. One doubts that the Woodcock commission can pin down any details about the fate of even one MIA after all this time.

What it may do instead is find a way to start detoxifying the poisoned relations between the United States and Vietnam. It is worth noting that our government has not blocked the sending of private humanitarian aid to Vietnam and did not object to a U.N. Development Program grant to Hanoi of $44 million. That may be far short of the $3.25 *billion* Nixon and Kissinger dangled before, and then snatched away from, the Vietnamese in Paris in order to produce the illusion—just before the 1972 election—that "peace is at hand"; but it is at least a start in the morally and practically right direction.

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MISSING BILLIONS

JAMES S. FAY

As I.F. Stone, the most indefatigable of contemporary investigative reporters, is fond of asserting, a diligent researcher can uncover the most hidden of paths into government organization and operations simply by examining public documents and asking basic questions. Such an examination of federal budget allocations for military spending can be at the same time illuminating and frustrating. In theory, the U.S. budget is broken into neat "functional" categories so that a reader can discover quickly the relative and absolute size of national expenditures in any particular field. In practice, the U.S. budget is often a snarl of overlapping and mislabeled categories which make it difficult, if not impossible, to know what the government is actually spending in a given area.

President Ford's 1978 budget seems to show that the national defense component of total federal expenditures is a modest 26 per cent and that nondefense items are rseponsible for the rapid growth of the federal budget. But a closer look at this lame-duck budget reveals that actual defense spending is substantially larger than the questionable accounting criteria of the Office of Management and Budget would have us believe.

To reach the actual totals for military and military-related spending, one must add a number of diverse budget items to the basic and acknowledged defense expenditure, which is estimated to be $112.3 billion for fiscal 1978. The first addition is the total sum allotted the Veterans Administration. This item is clearly a kind of deferred military spending, not civilian spending for human resources as the authors of the President's budget would have us believe. The V.A. will spend $18.3 billion in fiscal 1978. This boosts actual defense spending to $130.6 billion.

Ferreting out indirect or deferred military spending becomes more difficult and approximate at this point. There is, for example, a $39.7 billion annual interest charge on the national debt; how much of that should be charged to the military? Selling bonds or notes to meet war expenses is, after all, another type of deferred military spending. Most of the large budget deficits in recent years have occurred when the nation was engaged in active military conflict. From 1900 to 1975 we had twenty-one war budgets. The deficits incurred by these war budgets increased the national debt by $428 billion, or 87 per cent of the total accrued debt through 1975, 62 per cent through fiscal 1978. Assuming that approximately 75 per cent of budgetary interest payments are delayed military spending, this adds $29.8 billion to aggregate military spending, boosting the total defense bill to $160.4 billion.

The United States will spend $7.3 billion this year on "International Affairs," and a significant fraction of these funds will be allocated directly or indirectly to support U.S. overseas military objectives. No precise estimate of indirect national security spending is possible since, over the years, the Food for Peace Program, the Agency for International Development and the Export-Import Bank all have been used overtly or covertly to funnel military supplies and aid to favored clients around the world. In the absence of a detailed audit, it seems not excessive to assume that approximately 30 per cent or $2.2 billion of the "International Affairs" budget is indirect military spending, lifting the defense total to $162.6 billion.

The Pentagon graciously includes the salaries and benefits for retired military personnel in its current defense budget. What it does not include is the cost of salaries and benefits for retired civilians who worked for the Department of Defense. Congress has been asked to appropriate $11.1 billion in the next fiscal year to cover the retirement and disability costs of federal civilian employees. Since roughly 50 per cent of current federal *civilian* employees work for the military and the V.A.—a per cent that has not varied sharply in the past twenty-five years—we can assume that 50 per cent of the current civilian retirement money, or $5.6 billion goes to former DoD and V.A. workers. Again this is a type of deferred or delayed military spending which the architects of "functional" budgets would like to ignore. Including it raises 1978 defense sector spending to $168.2 billion.

The government plans to spend $3.5 billion in fiscal 1977 on the space program. Anyone who has examined the arguments used by Congress and former Presidents to defend and support this work must have noticed the heavy use of military rationales. The space program was conceived and nourished in a cold-war atmosphere and is sustained today more by the rhetoric of competition with the Soviet Union than by an unalloyed search for knowledge. You can't put a specific price on the military component of the space program. However, you can argue that such a program would be far smaller but for the avid concern with its military implications. A conservative assumption is that 30 per cent of space program expenditures belongs in the military budget category. Adding this $1.1 billion to aggregate military spending gives us $169.3 billion.

Intelligence is the last major category of indirect military spending that clearly belongs under the military budget aegis. Recent estimates of annual intelligence spending are as high as $10 billion per year. The bulk of this money is for international intelligence and apparently most of it is spent directly by the Pentagon. However some intelligence spending is hidden in the federal budget. There have been rumors that these funds are tucked away in the budgets of the Defense, Commerce or Agriculture Departments. If these funds are hidden in any agency's budget other than the DoD it could be assumed that an additional $1 billion in intelligence spending should be added to aggregate military spending, raising the total to $170.3 billion.

There are a smaller number of programs in a variety of government agencies where funds are expended for explicit or implicit military purposes. Ship construction and operating subsidies by the Maritime Administration and research on laser fusion by the Energy Research and Development Administration are two such examples.

James Fay is associate professor of political science, California State University, Hayward.

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When all these indirect and deferred spending categories are added to the reported military budget, the result is a ballpark figure of $171 billion, which is 52 per cent higher than the acknowledged military budget, making the military share of the national budget 44 per cent rather than 26 per cent.

Since the military sector, including the Veterans Administration, employs at least 71 per cent of all federal employees, civilian and military, it is not surprising that its true share of the budget is substantially higher than the commonly accepted estimates. Some of the above figures in this article are approximations. They must be so because the Office of Management and Budget, since it first began to break down the overall budget into functions, has failed to give Congress and the public a straightforward, comprehensive figure for aggregate defense sector spending.

Honest and informed citizens may differ over the fraction of our expenditures that should be devoted to national defense. These citizens, however, have been unable to debate the issue intelligently because the OMB has failed to present the facts of military budgeting in a clear and organized manner.

Shabby accounting practices have brought financial chaos, shame and severe dislocations to major corporations and to the city of New York. Let us hope that President Carter and OMB Director Lance will direct some dispassionate scrutiny to the confused military budget and give us a bottom line that is closer to fact than to public relations.

'PROMISES, PROMISES'

Home to Roost in the White House

ADAM CLYMER

> *I don't intend to break a single promise. I'm giving you my word of honor.* Candidate Carter, Manchester, N.H., February 10, 1976

Even now that it's over and he's won, President Carter is still redefining his campaign, trying to shave some of the fuzz off it. During a February 23rd press conference he earnestly announced that he would do his "utmost" to keep all his campaign promises (he also took back the ones he had made on the defense budget, the B-1 and the CIA "mistakes"). He invited reporters to check his performance and to recall that "we have issued what I believe is a complete book of my campaign promises."

Carter himself seems to have skipped at least the introduction to the collection, which warned him it was not "exhaustive." The book he referred to—irreverently nicknamed "Promises, Promises" by the transition staff—was the result of one of those super-orderly, well-intentioned Carter schemes that don't work: like announcing that he would make no news in Plains, to keep reporters out of the sleepy town, then causing traffic-jam chaos when he started talking.

His staff gave Carter the batch of promises on November 30, and the press got it, after a lot of nagging, on February 17. Its compilers wanted it withheld because they knew its weaknesses and thought it could be used to make their boss look silly. Other White House aides thought only its unavailability made it interesting to the press. They were right; most major papers and networks ignored it once they had it.

Though incomplete, it is a fascinating document, not just for the promises it includes and the promises it leaves out, but because the exercise suggests a lot of the problems the Carter administration will face. "Promises, Promises" does not, for example, include the promise that introduces this article, or others which stress the tone of hope and trust that gave the campaign its start. It does not record contradictions and inconsistencies. But even its dull writing does not prevent it from conveying the Carter campaign pitch of cheerful innocence, the rejection as defeatist of all the arguments about why things that should be done in Washington couldn't be done.

It begins with "Unemployment and Job Creation/General Principles: (*1*) Having as the essential building block of our urban policy the provision of a job for each person capable of holding gainful employment," and ends with "encouraging the Soviet Union and all other countries to join us in a total ban of all nuclear explosions for at least five years, including so-called peaceful nuclear devices." In between, it recalls with precision a November 1st call for a one-year voluntary moratorium on timber cutting "in the sensitive areas along Redwood Creek above Redwood National Park" in California, but forgets entirely the passage from the June 16th letter to the Democratic Platform Committee in which Carter opposed "exotic weapons which serve no real purpose" and said the B-1 bomber "should not be funded and would be wasteful of taxpayers' dollars."

Carter himself always resented the charge that he was vague on issues, and for that reason sometimes rattled off more details than he could master. In Chicago last March 12 he hopelessly confused SALT I, the Helsinki agreement and the Vladivostok agreement. On other occasions he voiced half-formed thoughts that got him into trouble on tax reform. And in the New Jersey primary his pollster and his huckster, deciding that something had to be done about the voters' perception of him as fuzzy, published an advertisement asking (and seeking to rebut

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with capsule position statements) the question "Is Jimmy Carter Really Vague on the Issues?" (New Jersey Democrats went heavily for an uncommitted slate backing either Hubert Humphrey or Jerry Brown, so it isn't clear whether they thought Carter was too vague or not vague enough.)

But while his campaign did get more specific as it grew more successful, his success was based far less on position papers than on the accuracy of his early view that what the American people wanted in 1976 was not a Humphreyesque collection of detailed answers to everything, but a promise of hope and decency, a commitment to some new approach to governing, to doing something about what Carter called, in a New Hampshire primary radio commercial, "the terrible bureaucracy in Washington."

Carter made himself felt not by pledging that as President he would be "cooperating with the State of Florida to preserve the natural Kissimmee River" (page 25, "Promises, Promises"), but by pledging a government "as honest and truthful and decent and fair and competent and idealistic and compassionate and as full of love as are the American people" (campaign speech, Salem State College, Salem, Mass., February 27, 1976).

The early distinguishing features of his Presidency have been symbolic: the walk up Pennsylvania Avenue, the statements on Soviet dissidents, the sweater and the fireside chat, going easily to the opera, no *Hail to the Chief*, letting Amy come and read a book at a state dinner. You don't have to like all of them to know what he's driving at. And his budget revisions proved that he wasn't all form and no substance.

"Promises, Promises" has almost none of the forewarning of the kind of Presidency we heard about again and again in the campaign. It makes no mention of "government as full of love . . ."; does not quote "I'll never tell a lie. . . ." There is a dry reference to the promise to reduce the size of the White House staff. (It's been so much reduced that when, while working on this article, I tried to call issues chief Stuart Eizenstat, his phone did not answer. Can a government be open if it is too busy to answer the phone?)

One could argue that Carter could remember the general commitments, that what he needed was a checklist of the detailed promises he might have forgotten, or perhaps never saw. That is what he got, although an important tactic was to take only the revised standard version when his position on a subject changed. But omission of the broad commitments is a weakness in this primer, as is the absence of Carter's own rhetoric. He didn't get to the White House by promising to repair Lock and Dam 26 on the Mississippi ("Promises, Promises," page 23), but by the things he led people to believe he would do.

Sometimes he did that by adapting his position to his audience. In the New England primaries, for example, he was for stripping the oil companies of their wholesale and retail sales operations. In the Texas primary he was flatly against vertical divestiture. (The concept of a campaign hedge shows through only once, on page 82 of "Promises, Promises" with this entry: "Favoring [possibly] a repeal of the prohibition against common situs picketing.") And

Margulies

sometimes he did it by the tone of his language, a tone which may be a bit embarrassing now but is still relevant. He spoke of "tough negotiations" with the Russians and complained that they regularly took us to the cleaners (Paterson, N.J., June 3, 1976). When he wasn't just calling it "terrible," he assailed the federal establishment he must now work with as "the most powerful, bloated overlapping bureaucracy that humankind has ever seen" (Ames, Iowa, October 25, 1975). The Pentagon was "the most wasteful bureaucracy in Washington," with a "horribly bloated and wasteful and almost uncontrollable budget," when he discussed it in Springfield, Mass. on September 27, 1975. And he said all of those things, and almost everything else I quote in this article, not just once but repeatedly.

Even for what it sets out to be, "Promises, Promises" is a remarkably spotty collection. In putting it together, Eizenstat, his deputy David Rubenstein and other transition aides collected their material largely from written statements, speech texts and position papers. There is a handful of references to statements from the debates and to newspaper reports of campaign appearances.

Carter had no one from his staff following him around with a tape recorder early in his campaign. So Eizenstat and company can honestly plead ignorance of a September 27, 1975 promise in Springfield to support federal legislation barring discrimination against homosexuals, or a November 1, 1975 commitment in Atlanta to tap the Treasury if necessary to maintain the integrity of the Social Security trust fund. But it's harder to find a good excuse for never mentioning the B-1 bomber, or omitting his call for using American private investment in South Africa, along with government pressure, "to encourage majority rule," a view he offered in a press conference which the campaign staff transcribed and distributed in Plains on July 29.

The cynical view is that these and other forgotten promises are the ones Carter no longer means to keep.

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But if that's the case, the scissors were used selectively, or haphazardly. Just before the forgotten references to the B-1 in the platform committee letter is a promise that the catalogue accurately summarizes as "reducing present defense expenditures by about $5 billion to $7 billion annually." The process of explaining that one away began July 27, in Plains, with the suggestion that "savings" of that much would be achieved, even if unhappily the defense budget continued to rise.

A less sinister explanation for the lapses, although admittedly it can have the same result, is the one the compilers of the document offer. A handful of volunteers worked feverishly for a week, collecting material in different subject areas, and the one in charge of foreign policy and defense took a much more legalistic, restrictive view of what was a binding promise and what wasn't than did the others. He is probably well ensconced by now at the State Department; that approach will fit right in.

Whatever the motives, the result seems to reflect Carter's continuing underestimation of the difficulties of the job he wanted so badly and now has. I think he wants to keep his campaign promises, that he does take his "word of honor" seriously. But he still may not know how hard it's going to be. With that lean staff at the White House, it's hard to keep track of promises made a year ago when his entire issues staff was one ex-reporter in his mid-20s. A thorough search of newspaper files, which the Library of Congress could attempt, wouldn't produce all of them. In compiling my list for this article—I covered Carter heavily in the winter and spring, infrequently in the summer and fall—I came upon a lot of things I had written down as interesting but did not have space to use at the time.

But that's only the tip of the problem, nothing compared to the traditional Washington difficulty of knowing what you promised, but not implementing it for reasons which you once thought wouldn't apply or could be overcome. Carter is already in the thick of that problem. The day "Promises, Promises" was released, press secretary Jody Powell announced proudly that Carter had just created eleven indepedent commissions to screen prospective appointees for the federal courts of appeals. This followed his practice in Georgia, where he got good judges by picking the top choices of similar panels. He had promised to do just that (page 61); had in fact promised to choose federal district judges that same way. But the Senate made it clear to Attorney General Bell that it wasn't about to surrender the prerogative of picking district judges. The administration beat a quick retreat, Powell conceding that sometimes perfection was beyond Carter's immediate grasp. (He could, of course, have appointed commissions and tried to force his district judges through, but that didn't seem like a sensible fight to pick.)

Carter may not have disappointed many voters with that retreat, although his pledge to nominate black federal judges in the South (I can't myself find the citation for that one, but I know I heard it) may now be hostage to the good will he discovered in September in Sen. James O. Eastland of Mississippi. But he was keeping at least part of his promise, and against formidable opposition.

The next day a more serious matter came up, and one where the opposition to his campaign promise did not come from an independent branch of government. Throughout the campaign Carter cited improper CIA activities as one of the traumas the nation had recently gone through, one of the ways the country goes wrong when "the American people are excluded" from the process of making foreign policy. And in the campaign he said—repeatedly—that he would be responsible for the CIA. At Manchester's West High School, last February 11, he put it this way: "If the CIA ever makes a mistake, I'll be the one, as President, to call a press conference, and I'll tell you and the American people this is what happened, these are the people who violated the law, this is the punishment that I recommend, this is the corrective action that needs to be taken, and I promise you that it won't happen again."

But on February 18 of this year *The Washington Post* reported that the CIA had been paying off King Hussein of Jordan for about twenty years, and that Carter had ended the payments abruptly. Instead of telling the American people what had happened he sent an uncomfortable Powell out to deliver an amiable stonewall, contending that the Carter administration would not discuss covert activities because they would no longer be covert. He tried, without much enthusiasm, to claim that he was being consistent with Carter's campaign promise.

Publicly at least, there was no Zieglerian attempt to distinguish the specific case from the promise, but some reporters were told privately that the bribes were stopped not because Carter thought them wrong, but because the *Post*'s imminent publication made them embarrassing. That interpretation is supported by Carter's own comments five days later at a previously planned press conference, when he said that in his review of the payoffs "I have not found anything illegal or improper."

I got two more explanations, earlier, for the decision to break at least the spirit of that campaign promise. It appeared that Carter decided to break his promise because he thought it was one thing to own up to your own mistakes, and quite another, more pious than forthright, to expose decisions made by predecessors in different times. And, more important, it appears that Carter thought "the national interest" required him not to embarrass King Hussein during Middle East peace maneuvers—or at least not to embarrass him more than the *Post* already had. Maybe he was right. But when Henry Kissinger used to make that kind of "pragmatic" judgment, Carter called it immoral.

Nor did Carter leave any coherent guide for his reinterpretation of that campaign promise in other comments that day. He did seem to be saying that he would take the medicine for CIA offenses during his term, when he said "If in the future assessments, which will come quite early, I discover such an impropriety or illegality, I will not only take immediate action to correct it, but also will let the American people know about it." That sounded fine, although it was a little confusing. Was he talking about future assessments of past acts, or of future agency activities or what? It sounded rather like the Manchester pledge revived, but the trouble was that three sentences earlier he had declared: "I have adopted a policy, which

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I am not going to leave, of not commenting directly on any specific CIA activity."

How can a CIA impropriety or illegality be confessed to without discussing a specific activity? It can't. And so the new promise means about as much as the old one did, if the "national interest" so requires. For when Carter restated the promise to keep all promises in that February 23rd press conference, it differed from the 1976 version. It acknowledged that some promises just might not be kept: "I would have to reserve the right to go back to the American people and say now that circumstances have changed, this is a better approach to that particular problem."

The only circumstance that has changed so far is that Carter is no longer the candidate in New Hampshire, but the President in Washington. □

COMMENTARY SEES RED

THE PHANTOM 'ANGLOCOMMUNISM'

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

London

Britain, where Communists have failed to win a single seat in Parliament since 1945, is rapidly going Red. That at least is the bizarre prospect held out in the February *Commentary* by Robert Moss, one of the livelier right-wing polemicists here.

London airport, he writes, is squalid; the oil in the North Sea is mortgaged to foreign creditors; cushioned by welfare, nobody works; economic and political life is dominated by the unions; they in turn are run by Communists. On the very scale devised by Marx and Engels, Britain is two-thirds down the road to perdition. The nation's "internal condition poses perhaps the single most serious threat to the Atlantic Alliance." All this from Moss in *Commentary*.

Unlike the United States, Britain has a tradition of stylish writing on the Right and Moss is one of its younger and brighter hopes. He edits the *Economist*'s "Foreign Report," a newsletter largely composed of material too dubious for that conservative and professional weekly. "Foreign Report" appears to have excellent contacts with the more haunted Western intelligence agencies. It produced the first authentic version of the famous Sonnenfeldt Doctrine which outlined the dangers of unrest in Eastern Europe. More often, however, the newsletter reports fantasies of its own invention, like the nonexistent Portuguese Fascist armies that are about to save that country from Mario Soares.

For all of Moss's verve and style, he is woefully innocent of economics. The British Government, he tells us, spends 63 percent of the gross national product when Keynes himself supposedly said that 25 percent was the maximum desirable. In fact, you reach 63 percent only by some remarkable double counting of transfer payments and investment in state steel mills, coal mines and the like. A more refined calculation by the European Economic Community puts the level at a less impressive 46.3 percent. Moreover, this is a shade under the Community's average and less than in Germany or Holland, among others.

"I am convinced that if the Labour government continues in office, it will be trying to touch the IMF for yet another emergency credit by mid-1977," Moss asserts. Nonsense. Britain has drawn the last *tranche* or slice available from the IMF and couldn't, if it wanted, get any more. More important, there is no need for a further drawing. The Treasury's problem now is a *rising*—not a falling—pound.

There is no mystery to this. Big banks, multinationals and other large holders of foreign currencies have belatedly understood that North Sea oil—the "cargo cult" in Moss's derisive term—will put Britain's payments balance in the black by the first quarter of 1978. There is no speculation about this. By then, Britain will be replacing a million barrels a day of imported oil with the home-grown product, a yearly saving of more than $3 billion in foreign exchange. Three years on, this figure will double, even if oil prices somehow remain unchanged. The only serious question is how much oil will be left untapped in the sea bed by oil companies reluctant to maximize the flow.

Moss thinks the oil earnings are mortgaged because the government may run a budget deficit of £8.5 billion this year, but he has hopelessly confused internal debt owed to Britons and external debt owed to foreigners. The oil will pay for the yearly interest and amortization charges on the foreign debt several times over. Thanks to a happy geological accident, Britain is spared a balance of payments problem for the next decade at least.

Moss gets even small things wrong. The continental rush to buy goods here at Christmas shows, he thinks, that Britain's output is "beyond the reach of an overtaxed, underpaid middle class." It shows no such thing. The buying spree simply reflected that the pound is still undervalued (or the mark and Scandinavian currencies are overvalued), making British goods less costly than the domestic variety for Danes, Norwegians, Germans and others.

Economics is admittedly a somewhat technical subject and Moss's ignorance is perhaps excusable, but politics is supposed to be his specialty and here, too, he appears to be as illiterate as he is innumerate. "Trade-union power is *the* problem in Britain today," he writes, and some

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sinister folk called "democratic Socialists" have seized the movement's "commanding heights." ("Democratic Socialists" are thought to be evil because they are identical with Labour left-wingers, Trotskyites, Marxists and Moscow agents.)

In fact, the unions have organized only 46 percent of the labor force in Britain, a share far closer to that in the United States than the 75-to-90 percent characteristic of democratic Northern Europe. The "all-powerful" unions have been unable to persuade their very own Labour government to expand the economy and mop up a disturbing jobless rate of 5.5 percent. For the past two years, the mighty unions have devoted themselves to holding wages below an even more alarming price inflation now running around 15 percent. In other words, the unions have been redistributing income from workers to other sectors of society, an activity hardly consistent with unlimited power.

About fifty "open Communist-Party supporters" sit among "345" executive board members in the "thirteen" biggest unions, Moss tells his by now thoroughly alarmed *Commentary* readers. Fifty is certainly a nice round number and "supporter" is a splendidly open-ended word. In fact, the one union with several Communist leaders is the National Union of Mineworkers. It is also among the most democratic; the rank and file elect their leaders by secret ballot. Communists lead the miners in Wales, Scotland and Yorkshire (Arthur Scargill, the Yorkshire chief, broke with the party after some obscure quarrel, but his sympathies are unchanged.) A Communist minority sits on the NUM board because the rank and file, rightly or wrongly, regard them as most likely to increase wages and improve safety in the pits. Pork chops, not revolution, account for the Mick McGagheys and Scargills.

Moss is no better guide to the Labour Party. He thinks the Callaghan government will be toppled by a revolt on the Left, the grouping he loosely insinuates acts as a Moscow agent. If anything, Callaghan's cautious government is likely to be brought down by the Labour Right. The Left stays in line, although its program cannot be enacted, but right-wingers like Reg Prentice, Brian Walden and John Mackintosh have already deserted the government on key votes. If they can induce about ten others to do the same, Labour will lose its precarious grip on power.

But Moss's chief exhibit is the *Communist Manifesto* and its ten-point program to achieve the destruction of capitalism. He solemnly examines the *Manifesto* agenda, counts up the number of points enacted in Britain and concludes that the country is at least two-thirds down the road. This curious exercise was first practiced by Alun Chalfont, a former *Times* military reporter now in the Lords, and frequently a voice for the more hysterical alarmists here in Britain.

The great irony, of course, is the mildly reformist nature of the program Marx and Engels drew up more than a century ago. It bears an incongruous relation to the heady rhetoric of revolution elsewhere in the *Manifesto*. The ten points include a graduated income tax, creation of a central bank, free public schooling, the urbanization and industrialization of the economy, inheritance taxes and public control of communication and transportation. Measured on that scale, the United States, Germany, France, Sweden, Holland, Norway and Denmark are already lost to the Communist world. This performance with the *Manifesto* is below Moss's usual level.

Moss has little to say about the Labour government's attitude toward the Soviet Union, an acid test of his thesis it might be thought. And for good reason. He makes much, however, of a Trades Union Congress-sponsored visit to Britain by Boris Pomanorev, one of the less agreeable thugs in the Soviet hierarchy. The TUC invitation was simply another feeble gesture toward East-West conciliation. The fact is that the Labour government has played a remarkably cool hand in the bargaining over détente. Foreign Office officials have braced their Western allies to resist any seductive Moscow proposals for mutual force cuts in Europe. London has been in the forefront of those insisting that the cuts be balanced, that the disproportionate Russian ground strength be reduced more than the West's. Just as important, at the Helsinki negotiations Britain played a leading role in inventing "Basket Three," the recognition of human rights, that has probably done more to weaken Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe and discredit Moscow in the eyes of the world than any recent political act. These are hardly the positions of Moscow tools. Finally and crucially, Britain's membership in NATO is not even a debatable issue here as, for example, it is in Norway and Denmark.

Prime Minister James Callaghan

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From perspectives less apocalyptic than Moss's, Britain appears to be the most solidly democratic country of its size in Europe. Unlike France, Germany and Italy, its political life is not threatened by a significant totalitarian movement of the Left or Right. This should cause little surprise. Contrary to popular belief, Britain has been a prosperous country since the war—at least until the oil price explosion triggered worldwide stagflation three years ago. The picture of a declining Britain is based on relative incomes and relative economic growth; the country has expanded more slowly than any in the West. But Britons consume absolute—not relative—incomes and these have risen about two-thirds in the past quarter century.

Why Britain has grown more slowly than its neighbors is a complex subject that deserves attention elsewhere. It reflects in part the disappearance generations ago of an unproductive agriculture. (Britain's farmers are too efficient for the Common Market's price system. In postwar "miracle" countries, less productive farmers shifted to more productive industry, a process completed here in the 19th century.) It stems from a complacent British managerial class, protected by the West's least competitive industrial structure. It flows from a union movement still frightened by the mass unemployment of the 1930s, and more concerned with protecting jobs than accepting new technology. Above all, it probably derives from a semi-conscious preference for leisure over goods, an attitude that accounts in part for the widely noticed civility of Britain's population.

Yes, Heathrow is perhaps the world's scruffiest major airport. London streets are tattier than those of Düsseldorf or Stockholm. But London is also the world's capital for music, with five state-subsidized orchestras of world class, and the capital for drama, led by the state-financed National Theatre. The semi-autonomous BBC is the envy of the world. The priorities are ordered differently here than in tidier Düsseldorf and neater Stockholm.

To be sure, those who recognize the strength of Britain's democratic fabric need not commit Mossianic excess in reverse. There is no unwritten law that this relatively stable state of affairs shall last forever. Inflation is still raging at a dangerous rate, although a strengthened pound will help reduce it. There is a limit to the cuts in living standards workers will accept to curb inflation. Even this sturdy social structure depends on some prospect of advancing, rather than retreating, income levels. On the Right, those encouraged by Moss, Chalfont and others have flirted with private armies and even with Britain's military establishment. High unemployment feeds an ugly undercurrent of racism directed toward the Asian and Caribbean workers brought in to perform the nasty jobs that white Britons spurned in better times. It is possible to write a scenario in which totalitarians of the Right destroy democracy here. But "Anglocommunism?," the *Commentary* title for the Moss piece, is a nonsense question supported only by a barrage of half-fact and non-fact. □

THE INDEX FUNDS

Queering Wall Street's 'Money Game'

CHRIS WELLES

The Money Game may soon be over. Ever since there was a Wall Street, investors have played the stock market certain that there was a way to beat it, that superior intelligence, information, analysis and perception produce superior profits, that the Money Game can be won. For years, academicians have offered evidence that trying to beat the market is an exercise in futility, but Wall Street ignored them. Now, some of the most sophisticated professional money managers, those responsible for investing billions of dollars, are reluctantly coming to admit that the academicians are right. They are beginning to give up the Money Game.

Those who now refuse to play are still a tiny minority, but their number is growing and the effect of their defection could eventually be catastrophic for Wall Street. The brokerage houses receive billions of dollars a year from investors who believe that if they work hard enough they can do better than other investors. If disenchantment with the Money Game becomes widespread, it would be to Wall Street almost as if blackjack, craps, roulette and the slots were made illegal in Las Vegas.

At least part of the blame—or credit—for this ominous possibility should be levied on an obscure French mathematician, Louis Bachelier. Around the turn of the century, Bachelier began searching for a topic for his doctoral dissertation at the Academy of Paris. Curious about the way prices are set on various markets, he decided to conduct an empirical and theoretical study of the French Government bond market. In a thesis entitled "Théorie de la Spéculation," he concluded that the market was a "fair game." Successive price changes seemed to obey the laws of probability, which meant that buyers and sellers had no more than an average chance to make a profit. Over a sufficiently long time, there was no way to escape being right half the time and wrong half the time.

The significance of Bachelier's hypothesis was immense. For thousands of years, speculators in markets, unchallenged by theories to the contrary, have played the game certain that it is actually unfair, that it is possible to obtain an edge and beat the averages. If Bachelier were right, such speculations were idle fancy. But he was

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destined to be one of those individuals who are so far ahead of their time that their work goes unnoticed.

The only immediate contribution to the subject was the coining in 1908 of what was to become the popular term for the phenomenon—"random walk"—in an exchange of correspondence in the British journal, *Nature*. The question under examination was this: if you leave a thoroughly inebriated man in the middle of a vacant field and, upon returning later you wish to locate him, where is the best place to begin searching? The most unbiased estimate of his present whereabouts, it was agreed, was the place where he had been left. The reasoning was that, unless the man simply collapsed on the spot, he likely had wandered away from it in an aimless, patternless fashion, in other words in a "random walk." It would thus be useless to pick somewhere else to begin searching, for no more than a random chance would exist that he was anywhere but at his original position.

The stock market has always been attractive to investors because, compared to most other avenues of investment, stocks as a whole have produced a relatively high return. But almost all stock investors are convinced to this day that plenty of ways exist to achieve even higher, above-average returns. An entire industry of "chartists" and "technicians" prospers by selling predictions of what stock prices will do tomorrow based on elaborately constructed analyses of what stock prices did yesterday. Chartists and technicians are never very clear on the reasons, but they remain certain that the past contains valuable clues to the future.

It is an article of faith in many quarters, for instance, that when the chart of a stock displays a "head-and-shoulders" formation—a small bump, followed by a large bump, followed by another small bump—the stock, once it penetrates the neckline heading downward, is destined for a major decline. Many investors swear by such arcane configurations as the inverted pennant, the flag, the breakout, the exhaustion gap, and the bear trap. Newspaper accounts unquestioningly cite such technical signals as "resistance areas" and "support levels" as explanations for the market's movements.

An even larger industry exists of those who sell "fundamental" research, which is based on facts and assumptions about the prospects of a particular company or industry. Here, say the research experts, is information that we have managed, through our superior analytical capabilities and informational resources, to develop about this stock. Most investors do not yet know or sufficiently appreciate this information. When many other investors do discover it, the stock will go up/down. If you want to make money, you should buy/sell the stock before the word gets around. Money in the market is thus assumed to flow continuously from the ignorant to the informed. Knowledge, it is assumed, is the key to profits.

In the 1950s while the Money Game continued unabated, academic market investigators, with the development of the computer and later with the availability of computer tapes of daily price changes on the New York Stock Exchange, began examining Louis Bachelier's findings. In analyzing the relationship between stock prices and series of random numbers—numbers produced purely by chance—they confirmed that successive changes in the prices of stocks did indeed appear to be very random. It was true that over the long term stock prices in general had moved up. But around this general uptrend, movement was random. Whatever pattern stock prices may have appeared to display yesterday provided no indication of what they were likely to do tomorrow.

What this showed, the investigators concluded, was that the stock market is "efficient"—that is, the price of a stock at any given time "efficiently," or accurately, reflects the opinions of investors as a whole about all the publicly available information on the stock's prospects. When new information becomes available, the stock reacts almost instantaneously due to intense competition among large numbers of well-informed investors. The future movement of a stock will follow a random course since it will be based on new, at present unforeseen information. Unless an investor possesses inside information, whose use to make market profits is illegal, his predictions of whether a stock will go up or down will have no more than an average chance of being right. There is, thus, no flow of money from the ignorant to the informed. As far as the market is concerned, we are all, depending on how you want to look at it, equally ignorant or informed.

The plight the efficient market idea presents for an investor, amateur or professional, was expressed in almost existential terms in the *Financial Analysts Journal* by Fischer Black, a University of Chicago market expert: "The chances are that the stocks he sells, and the stocks he doesn't buy, will do as well as the stocks he buys. Some of the information he gets will be valid, but some will be invalid, and he won't know which is which. What he gains on good information he will lose on bad information. Taken as a whole, the information he gets will be worthless. The time and money he spends getting it will be wasted. And he will lose the brokerage fees he spends in trying to act on it."

By the mid-1960s, academic investigators were beginning to study whether the Money Game as it was being played on Wall Street was really the no-win exercise efficient market theory suggested. They scrutinized several technical systems, such as the Dow Theory, which is the basis for a widely followed market letter. Invariably, they found that over a long period of time the systems yielded no useful information. On average, stock behaved the same way after "sell signals" as after "buy signals."

The problem for the technicians was not the lack of clues or revealing patterns in past stock prices. It was that whatever clues exist are already reflected in today's prices, which means that there is no real value in knowing about them. So intense is the competition for profits that if someone comes up with a valid new clue to the generation of above-average profits, so much money will be allocated to take advantage of it that the clue's usefulness will self-destruct.

In his recent *A Random Walk Down Wall Street*,

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Princeton economist Burton Malkiel, now a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, analyzes the evidence against technical systems and concludes: "The past history of stock prices cannot be used to predict the future in any meaningful way. Technical strategies are usually amusing, often comforting, but of no real value."

Fundamental research proved to be of no greater value. For another *Financial Analysts Journal* study, investment manager R.E. Diefenbach analyzed 1,225 buy and sell recommendations from eight brokerage houses over an eight-week period. As the laws of chance suggest, only about half performed better than a random group of stocks. Calling Wall Street research "consistently mediocre," Diefenbach concluded: "There would certainly seem to be little to choose between this group of recommendations and a random selection process." Diefenbach made clear he was not just suggesting that an average security analyst produces only average results. With one possible exception, which he was less than sure about, he said "we were unable anywhere . . . to find that quality of excellence so often claimed for institutional research."

That technical analysis and the broad mass of Wall Street fundamental research could not stand up under rigorous empirical scrutiny did not surprise many of the Street's most sophisticated investment managers. They dismissed the run of technicians as mere sophists. And they were willing to concede that, by the time any piece of research is generally disseminated around the Street, it is probably old news and has been discounted by the market. As a reflection of the usual state of public information, the market, they admitted, was probably quite efficient.

But they argued that especially skilled professional investors still know a lot more about stocks than is usually known publicly. While the typical individual investor must depend on *The Wall Street Journal*, the manager of a large bank trust department, for instance, has vast informational resources. He can afford a large staff of the most talented security analysts who possess an intimate acquaintance with companies and industries. If there is an important item of information around, he will know about it sooner than almost anyone else. Inevitably, the best professional investment managers must have an edge.

The academic market investigators proceeded to examine this putative edge. Literally dozens of elaborate studies were conducted by different researchers of different groups of funds under different conditions and over different time periods. All came to the same devastating conclusion: as a group, professionally managed portfolios perform no better than does the market as a whole. An analysis by finance Profs. Irwin Friend, Marshall Blume and Jean Crockett of 136 mutual funds between 1960 and 1968, to cite just one example, confirmed "the apparent inability of mutual funds, on the average, to clearly outperform the market in spite of their professional investment management."

Some individual funds did outperform other funds, but the studies found that no more funds did so than would be expected under the laws of chance. (A hypothetical fund composed of stocks selected by the editors of *Forbes* by throwing darts at the stock market page of *The New York Times* has appreciated 70 percent since 1967 as against just 15 percent by the Dow Jones Industrial Average.) As Nobel Prize-winning economist Paul Samuelson put it recently, "A respect for the evidence compels me to incline toward the hypothesis that most portfolio decision makers should go out of business—take up plumbing, teach Greek, or help produce the annual GNP by serving as corporate executives."

To anyone who has played the market, the notion that it is a hopelessly no-win game will seem intuitively unpalatable. The reader may remember making a lot of money in airline stocks when they were "clearly" undervalued. Or a friend may consistently, year in and year out, have beaten the market. Such specifics are frequently cited by critics of the efficient market/random walk thesis.

I also find it difficult to accept 100 percent randomness, 100 percent efficiency. But random walk is not some statistic that is either true or untrue, that collapses upon the citation of an exception. It is a theoretical ideal. Let us concede that there are some patterns, edges, perceptions and other information that occasionally enrich some investors. Let us grant that there may be some non-randomness here and there, little hideaways of inefficiency, small bulges in the bell-shaped probability curve.

To acknowledge this, though, yields little comfort. The overpowering weight of evidence indicates that beating the market except by luck, particularly over a long period of time, is at best extraordinarily rare and extraordinarily difficult. And it is probably getting even more rare and difficult. The computer has made possible ever more massive forages in search of untapped inefficiencies. The growing domination of the stock market by institutional investors is increasing the number of full-time professionals looking for profit potentials. And the Securities and Exchange Commission is vigorously prosecuting possessors of inside information and pushing corporations to disclose more information more quickly. The edges are being narrowed. The market may never be 100 percent random, but 99.9 percent randomness, if it isn't here already, cannot be far away.

The real question is not whether there are still a few bits of non-randomness lying around but whether it's really worth searching for them. Market analyst Charles Ellis recently suggested that trying to beat the market is worse than a no-win proposition. "Most money managers," he said, "have been losing the Money Game. And they know it, even if they cannot admit it publicly."

The evidence is persuasive. A *Pensions & Investments* survey of the performance of equity funds run by eighty-five of the nation's largest banks during 1970-75 showed that only thirteen did better than the Standard & Poor's 500, a broad-based market index of 500 widely held stocks. While the S&P achieved a 3.2 percent annual return, the bank funds managed only 1.6 percent. Only twelve of 171 mutual funds surveyed by *Barron's* were able to beat the market during 1975. Anyone who out-

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performed the market by just 1 percent a year between 1965 and 1974, according to another study, did better than 88 percent of the country's pension funds.

Money managers are losers because it costs so much to be a winner. Like drowning swimmers thrashing ever more furiously to stay afloat, money managers under growing pressure from unhappy clients have been buying and selling stocks ever more actively. They have been obtaining more and more large quantities of outside investment research and building up internal research staffs. Brokerage commissions, research expenses and advisory fees run into the billions of dollars. Considering these costs, Ellis calculated that, just to stay even with the market, a money manager must achieve a gross return of 22 percent better than the market. "It appears," Ellis said, "that the *costs* of active management are going up and the *rewards* from active management are going down." The active managers have done so miserably that, according to a *Fortune* estimate, if the nation's pension funds, profit-sharing plans and employee thrift plans had merely performed as well as the S&P 500 over the past ten years, the funds would be worth *$13 billion* more than they are now.

But until very recently, those few on Wall Street who were even aware of the idea thought the efficient market/random walk thesis an abstraction conjured up by fuzzy theorists with no understanding of the real world. During the go-go bull market of the 1960s, practically every money manager on Wall Street looked like a winner. Managers of many aggressive mutual funds were indeed able to outperform the booming market, but not through skill. They had simply loaded their portfolios with risky, i.e., volatile stocks. If a portfolio is twice as risky as the market as a whole, market studies show, it will tend to perform twice as well as the market when the market is going up—and, as the asserted geniuses discovered in 1969, sink twice as fast when the market is going down. Many of the hottest mutual funds, such as the Enterprise Fund, nearly fell apart and most of their managers fled the business in disgrace.

During the desultory, meandering stock market of the early 1970s, the Sisyphean difficulties of trying to beat the averages gradually began to become clearer to some of the less encumbered minds in the investment business. When he was asked in 1973 whether he was disappointed that the banks which managed his company's $10 billion in pension assets had achieved only an 8 percent annual return against the S&P 500's 9 percent, the pension director of AT&T responded: "We are satisfied that we are doing as well as other large pools of capital. Though it is defeatist not to try, I think it is unrealistic to expect to outperform the averages."

Two years ago, AT&T stopped trying, at least with a portion of its pension money. In a move that caused shivers in the investment business, four units of the Bell System shifted $250 million into a new breed of fund. Called an "index fund," its goal is simply to stay even with the market by maintaining a portfolio that closely resembles the market as a whole. Some index funds match the S&P 500 by buying and holding all 500 stocks. At least a dozen banks are currently promoting index funds, including Chase Manhattan, Bankers Trust, Wells Fargo Bank and Trust in San Francisco, American National Bank and Trust in Chicago.

More than $2 billion in pension money has been invested in index funds and the total could reach between $5 billion and $10 billion by the end of this year. In addition to AT&T, Ford and Exxon, among other large companies, have indexed a portion of their pension money. Officials overseeing New York City's $1.2 billion in pension assets invested in stocks recently calculated that if the money managed by Citibank and United States Trust had matched the S&P average over the past year, the funds could have been $140 million richer. The city thus fired United States Trust, sharply reduced Citibank's share, and put $225 million into an index fund. Meanwhile, last fall the Vanguard Group, a mutual fund management firm that runs $2 billion, sold more than $11 million worth of shares in First Index Investment Trust, the first index fund offered to individual investors. Though most have not informed their clients, a number of investment managers, believing it to be the only way they can beat their competitors, have quietly begun indexing some of the assets they manage. Numerous other managers are developing their own "passive" strategies to cut the risk of seriously underperforming the market.

The attractiveness of index funds is compelling. While other forms of professionally managed money have consistently lagged behind the market, index funds, some of which have been in operation for five years, have done just what they promise: stayed almost precisely even. One reason is the huge savings involved in running an index fund. While the typical conventionally managed fund has an annual turnover of 35 percent, the typical index fund has a turnover of only 2 to 3 percent (mainly to compensate for adjustments in the composition of the S&P average). Because it dispenses with research and is run almost completely by computer, index funds charge management fees only a fraction of those of actively managed funds. Batterymarch Financial Corp. in Boston, an index fund pioneer, gives clients an annual relative cost comparison for management of $25 million in pension money. Brokerage commissions under indexing would be $2,500 as against $53,000 under active management. Management fees would be $25,000 versus $154,000.

You don't have to work on Wall Street to appreciate the threat indexing poses to the investment business. Every management dollar that index funds save clients comes out of the Street's collective pocket. Last year, member firms of the New York Stock Exchange received more than $1 billion in brokerage commissions from institutional clients. Commissions make up close to half the firms' total income. If half the institutional assets moved into index funds, more than $500 million in annual revenues could be wiped out. Those who would suffer most would be security analysts, whose salaries are paid by the commissions their recommendations generate. A major move to indexing could all but obliterate the Wall Street research establishment.

Also hard hit would be the conventional money management business, which now receives perhaps $500 million in advisory fees. Widespread indexing would put

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most of the existing managers out of business and, because of economies of scale of computerized management, concentrate investment management in a few large indexing services.

Understandably, indexing has generated immense hostility among the thousands of investment professionals, who aren't happy about the idea that they've been spending their entire lives trying to do something that's impossible and who face unemployment if that idea succeeds. Confrontations with the indexers have often been acrimonious. Some time ago, the New York Society of Security Analysts invited a Wells Fargo officer to one of its daily luncheon meetings. In an address to the 100 or so attending analysts, the Wells Fargo man carefully enumerated the high points of modern portfolio theory and ended by saying that security analysis of the type practiced by the audience was of little if any value.

During the question-and-answer period, one analyst after another rose to relate how his charts had called the last major upswing or how much money his clients had made buying machine-tool stocks on his recommendation when they were depressed. The Wells Fargo man listened patiently, but responded that all these examples were merely lucky extremes at the edge of the bell-shaped curve. His thesis, he reiterated, had been proven and reproven with such scientific "rigor"—a favorite word among indexers—that it is irrefutable.

"You just sit there on your mountain of rigor and dismiss everything anybody says," one of the more senior analysts complained loudly toward the end of the session. "But I *know* you're wrong. I can't document it, but I've been in this business a hell of a long time and I just *know* it. You're just goddamned wrong."

The Wells Fargo man was unimpressed. "If you don't like what I'm saying," he replied calmly but firmly, "you'll just have to disprove it. Where are your numbers? Where are your data? Where is your proof? Show me something beside assertions." Slowly shaking his head, the analyst sat down.

Even the administrators of corporate pension funds, who would have nothing personally to lose from indexing, remain very skeptical. The marketers of index funds so far have achieved only limited success enlisting clients. "The problem in selling index funds is that they run counter to the Horatio Alger mentality," says William Fouse, manager of Wells Fargo's index fund. "Americans assume that, since pluck and hard work pay off in other fields, the same should hold true in investing. They don't want to settle for being average."

At least some may soon have to. In 1974 Congress passed the Employee Retirement Income Security Act, commonly known as ERISA, to reform the private pension system, which contains the largest and fastest growing group of professionally managed assets. Among its many provisions, ERISA expressly requires a "fiduciary" —which includes just about everybody involved in administering or advising a pension plan—to act solely in the interest of the plan's beneficiaries and participants. In investing a pension fund's assets, ERISA says, a fiduciary must act "with the care, skill, prudence and diligence" of a "prudent man." The Prudent Man, a 146-year-old creation of common law, is the archetype of the proper investment manager. If a pension fiduciary doesn't do his job as the Prudent Man would, ERISA decrees, he can be held personally liable for losses and damages.

To pension fiduciaries, the efficient market/random walk thesis raises a troublesome issue: if pension funds, like other institutional investors, consistently do worse than the market, and if commonly available index funds reliably and inexpensively stay even with the market, could a pension fiduciary be judged legally liable for losses if he failed to use an index fund?

Many security lawyers consider such a judgment "legally very remote," as Meyer Eisenberg of Lawler, Sterling & Kent, in Washington, puts it. "I don't see it as a realistic possibility." But others disagree. In a recent, widely quoted article in the prestigious *American Bar Foundation Research Journal*, University of Chicago law professors John Langbein and Richard Posner suggest that "courts may one day conclude it is imprudent for trustees to fail to use" index funds. Says Langbein:

> I would predict that a year from now, you're going to see a lot of litigation on this. There is a world full of funds that have been underperforming the S&P by a significant percentage. And sooner or later, somebody's going to come along saying, "How dare you expose me to the risk of underperforming the market and at the same time inflicting on me the big expense of all this stock picking and churning and research? Why didn't you do the prudent thing, which is investing in index funds?" The person who's suing will be able to point out that this isn't some hypothetical theory from a bunch of professors at the University of Chicago or the Wharton School. Several big institutions are offering index funds. Exxon and AT&T have money in them. They work, and they're outperforming everything in sight. This is a lawsuit that's going to come, and when it does it's going to be terribly powerful. If you're running a fund which is doing worse than the market, you're going to be in trouble.

A decision in favor of the plaintiff in such a suit, according to Langbein, "would knock the living daylights out of the investment community in this country."

Indexing will hardly be the end of Wall Street as we know it. Sophisticated market researchers are working on new quantitative tools they claim will more effectively root out market inefficiencies and make possible consistently superior performance. Further, the efficient market/random walk thesis is ultimately self-destructive in that if everybody put his money in index funds and conventional security analysis disappeared, the stock market would soon become quite nonrandom and inefficient. Beating the averages would become easier and lots of people would start trying again. As one researcher puts it, "In order for the random walk hypothesis to be true, it is necessary for many investors to disbelieve it."

Many investors almost certainly *will* continue to disbelieve it, no matter how persuasive the evidence. Every slot machine, every lottery, bingo game, horse race, numbers game, every organized gambling venture in the world is really a "loser's game" since the house always takes a generous slice of the pot for its trouble. Gambling, though, finds no dearth of players ever hoping for the big payoff. □

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PETE WILSON OF SAN DIEGO

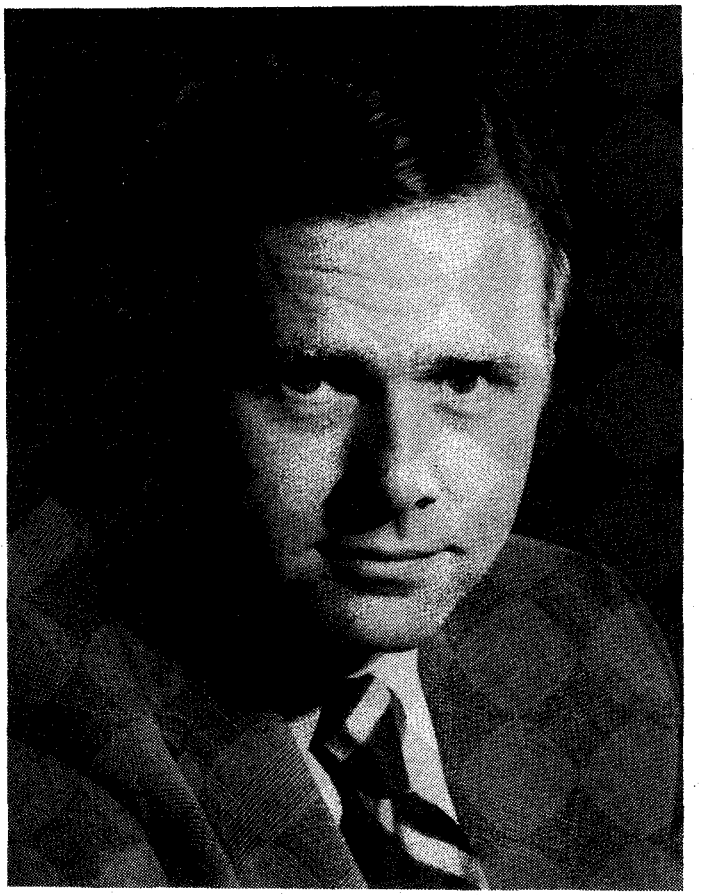
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Though at a low point in terms of governorships, Senate and House seats and the mayoralties of large cities, the Republican Party has at least managed to put forward a few politicians of the "new breed" who warrant special attention. One is Mayor Pete Wilson of San Diego, currently described by California political commentators as "the hottest political property" in the state and "the politician most likely to go places." Another is Gov. James Thompson of Illinois. That their stars are bright at the moment does not, of course, mean that the GOP is about to stage a comeback, but it might, if Thompson's impressive victory in Illinois were to be followed by Wilson's election as governor of California in 1978.

Yes, governor of California, for that is Mayor Wilson's daring objective. At the recent February 14th Republican State Convention in Sacramento, Wilson and his wife, Betty, shaking hands with delegates, made no secret of the fact that he might enter the gubernatorial race next year. It would be a long shot. First, Mayor Wilson would have to win the GOP nomination against, possibly, Attorney General Evelle Younger or Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis. This might not be too difficult, though the Reaganites, in control of the organizational apparatus of the party, are annoyed with Wilson who was Gerald Ford's campaign manager in Southern California and made a speech in New Hampshire which Reagan thinks contributed to his loss of the first state primary in 1976. But even if Wilson won the nomination he would face an uphill fight against Gov. Jerry Brown, who a year ago enjoyed an almost unbelievable 85 percent approval rating in the polls. This rating has since dropped to 66 percent and much can happen between now and November 1978, but even so Brown would seem an odds-on favorite to win re-election.

Should Wilson decide not to run against Brown, he could challenge Sen. Alan Cranston in 1980 but his chances in such a race would be no better. If he ran against Brown and was defeated, he would still be Mayor and could seek re-election to that office. So Wilson has a choice of gambles, and it looks as though, one way or another, he is headed for the national political scene. It is a good moment to ask what kind of politician is San Diego's 43-year-old Mayor?

The son of middle-class parents, Wilson attended elementary school and high school in St. Louis, graduated from Yale in 1955 on an ROTC scholarship (an English major), and in 1962 graduated from the University of California Law School. He served in the Marine Corps from 1955 to 1958, got his first glimpse of San Diego from the porthole of a Navy transport in 1957 and became a resident there in 1958. After law school, he worked as executive director of the San Diego Republican Central Committee until he was elected in 1966 to the State Assembly, where he served for three terms and became the first freshman to be elected whip of the GOP caucus. He left this safe seat to run for mayor in 1971 and was re-elected in September 1975. He is today the only Republican Mayor in any of the nation's ten largest cities.



When I first knew San Diego in the 1920s it might have been described—a bit unfairly—as sleepy, stodgy, pious, proper, Protestant and heavily Republican. Democrats were hard to find and liberals an almost unknown species. Today it is California's second-largest city and the ninth largest in the country. It has always enjoyed extraordinary natural advantages: its splendid shoreline hugs a beautiful bay, and Balboa Park—a few minutes walk from any point in downtown San Diego—is one of the largest and most attractive parks of any large city. Today the tone and quality of San Diego's press is improved and the city has an impressive network of educational institutions: colleges, universities, large research centers.

In brief, the transformation of San Diego in the last several decades is one of the most remarkable episodes in the recent history of California. Because the setting is so beautiful, the region has drawn many retirees, including naval officers and their families who, like other residents, love the environment, fear "Los Angelization" and do not want to see the city's natural beauty defaced, despoiled or polluted—even if that means, as it has, a fairly high unemployment rate (currently about 10 or 11 percent).

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In the pre-Wilson era, San Diego was controlled by business "bosses," including the tycoon C. Arnholt Smith who, like his friend and protégé, Richard Nixon, has fallen on evil days. To nearly everyone's surprise, the new Mayor began in 1971 to implement a policy of "managed growth"; in the process, he shifted controls from the business bosses back to the people. He declined a substantial campaign contribution offered by Smith, set up a committee to screen contributions he would accept, and later secured adoption of an ordinance which puts limits on individual contributions in municipal elections to $250.

Wilson resents the charge that he is a "no-growth" Mayor; he says he has done his share of inviting environmentally "clean" industries to locate in San Diego, on a selective basis. He is convinced—and most residents seem to agree—that the city's natural environment is its greatest asset, not merely in the sense that it is beautiful and pleasant but that it offers the best long-term economic prospects. The city must, he feels, constantly weigh the cost of growth to determine what kind will prove to be an asset. Some proposed subdivisions may cost the city more in charges for services than they will return in taxes. So what he has tried to do—not with complete success—is upgrade the city's excellent "downtown" prospects, while putting a brake on the urban sprawl. When Wilson became Mayor in 1971, Mira Mesa, a 10,000-acre subdivision, had some 18,000 residents, but only one road connecting it to the freeway, one food market, two gas stations and no school. Threatening a freeze on future building permits, Wilson forced the installation of essential services and facilities at Mira Mesa, and secured adoption of new zoning regulations aimed at keeping a measure of control over future subdivisions at the margins of the city.

One must keep in mind the extent to which mindless residential expansion has been a major dynamic in Southern California's economic growth to appreciate the daring of Wilson's commitments to managed urban growth; some of his Republican supporters denounced it as a "Socialist" concept. It was indeed courageous for a mayor—and particularly a Republican mayor—of a Southern California community to take such a stand in 1971; it would be less surprising today, when even the monster, Los Angeles, is beginning to have second thoughts about urban sprawl (see front-page *New York Times* story, February 19).

"Managed growth" has earned Wilson the enmity of the construction industry and the building trades unions; he has also acquired some "anti-labor" marks by opposing compulsory arbitration in disputes with municipal unions. He has lost some important issues; he wanted, for example, to relocate the city's airport, and has also been unable to secure the downtown convention center and waterfront improvements he thinks would be prime assets.

It is still too early to say how long voters will continue to back his policies of "managed growth." Not surprisingly, he is a fiscal conservative; he wants to keep the cost of home ownership as low as possible and tax reform is a favorite theme. Initially he supported Nixon, but stepped back early enough to avoid being tarred with that brush. His major weakness as a candidate for statewide office is that he lacks an organized constituency. He is identified with the Robert Finch-Houston Flournoy wing of the Republican Party but is not a programmed politician. For example, he gave the back of his hand to the Republican top leadership for the way it fouled up San Diego's bid for the national convention in 1972. If he runs for governor, it will be interesting to see how well he fares with his strong ecological and fiscal conservatism in a time when "austerity" seems to have replaced "affluence" as a guide to middle-class voting preferences and the tags "liberal" and "conservative" have lost much of their former meaning.

At 43, Wilson has lost some of the appearance of the well-scrubbed, clean-cut all-American Boy. He is not a social mingler and is a very hard worker. He makes no concessions to the "mod" style, dresses in approved Ivy League fashion with button-down collars, conservative suits, and neatly trimmed hair. He seems even younger than his age, but the boyish appearance is deceptive: he is a notably tough, cool customer, a pragmatist with a touch of class that has won him the support of many liberals and independents and the admiration of many conservatives of both parties, who don't always like his policies. He is not an exuberant campaigner, but handles press-conference questions well and makes a good appearance on TV. What he has going for him is the impression he creates of being a new and different breed of politician, much in the manner of Jerry Brown, but more "centrist" in his appeal and more "practical" in his emphasis. He seems somewhat shy and soft-spoken,

LETTERS *(Continued from page 290)*

jargon of dogma or the latest new-found quick and easy push-button way to socialism," and expresses pride in the magazine's being considered "the sane voice of the Left-of-Center sentiment in America." Woe be to the unnamed brethren who fail to measure up!

I wonder which of these "sentiments" is the aberration?

Ali R. Muratli

letter from a hellhole

Marion, Ill.

I am illegally confined to the long-term control unit in the United States Penitentiary, Marion, Ill. I was placed here as a result of my negative attitude and for allegedly committing an act which the Federal Bureau of Prisons refused to prosecute for lack of evidence.

This seems to be the new trend by the officials to place blacks in this hellhole because of their negative attitude. The time has come that Congress must initiate and conduct a Congressional investigation into the abuse of power and the misuse of segregation units throughout the federal prison system.

I won't burden you with the same complaints about these places, as I'm sure you are familiar with them, and I can say in all sincerity, each and every allegation is indeed true.

I urge you to support and encourage Congress to order an immediate investigation.

Steve Wooden

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but is conceded to be an efficient administrator who does not hesitate to ignore the conventional wisdom. It is typical of him that he should be learning Spanish; he is respected by blacks, Chicanos and feminists, and has excellent relations with the officials of the neighboring Mexican city of Tijuana, today a city of 600,000, and he understands border problems as well as any American official in the Southwest. He does his own homework and writes his own speeches which, incidentally, are very well-written. A race between Brown and Wilson in 1978 would provide California with some excellent political theatre. Whether or not he finally decides to make that race, Pete Wilson is a Republican politician worth watching. □

NO WREATH FOR MR. BASKERVILLE

America in Cahoots with the Shah

REZA BARAHENI

The first American to die on Iranian soil was a certain Mr. Baskerville, a Princeton graduate who arrived in Tabriz, my home town, around 1908 to teach in the Memorial School, turned into a revolutionary as a result of the immense anti-Shah turbulences in that city, and was consequently shot down by a member of the Shah's army. His heroic death in the heat of Iran's revolution for a constitutional government gave Iranians their first image of Americans. The image portrayed Americans as people who were prepared to fight not only for their own freedom and democracy but also for those of others in the world.

The latest Americans to be killed in Iran were three officials of the U.S. firm, Rockwell International, who were gunned down by Iran's urban guerrillas while driving to work last August. They were involved in "Project Ibex," a secret electronic intelligence gathering system designed to monitor both the civilian population of Iran and the countries of the Persian Gulf area. These three were among 31,000 Americans who are working in Iran for the Shah or his American allies. They train the Shah's army, police and SAVAK (the horrendous secret police); they teach Iranian armed personnel how to apply methods of counterinsurgency, how to interrogate arrested men and women, and they instruct the Shah's intelligence networks in modern techniques of surveillance.

If Mr. Baskerville were resurrected today, and still intent on fighting against dictators and oppressors, he would find himself shooting his own countrymen, or would himself be shot by those who had received training from his countrymen. How did this radical change come about? Why are Americans fighting on the side of tyrants and dictators? What has happened to the ideals that motivated Mr. Baskerville?

Certainly this change of the American heart did not take place overnight. As for the Iranians, they had their Shah then, they have him now; only the name has changed. There have been two revolutionary upsurges, but each was followed by a counterrevolution (the second extends to the present day) and the current Shah is as brutal and tyrannical as the Shah against whom Baskerville fought. Both Lenin and Trotsky had agreed as early as 1908-10 that the battle in the city of Tabriz was one of the greatest revolutionary conflicts ever to be fought by Asians. Baskerville knew nothing of Lenin and Trotsky, but he fought and died for the revolution.

Americans do not die for any form of revolution now; they die for the Shah of Iran, for his intelligence network, for his SAVAK and for the interests of the big corporations; in sum, for the perpetuation of the Shah's hegemony over more than 34 million people. The 31,000 Americans now in Iran are at war with the people of that country, if not actually and openly, at least potentially and secretly. But these Americans are also at war with the ideals of Mr. Baskerville. In truth, Americans are at war with themselves.

No nation in history has suffered the extreme of collective split personality that Americans display today. The American honors one thing and does exactly its opposite. In the year of his Bicentennial celebrations he handed billions of dollars worth of weaponry to a King incalculably more tyrannical than George III. The medals of dictators in Chile, Brazil, south Korea, Indonesia, the Philippines, Thailand and Iran decorate the broad chest of American democracy, making of it a billboard for tyranny. President Ford called the Shah of Iran one of America's great allies; Secretary Simon came out in defense of the Pinochet regime. At a recent Congressional hearing, Alfred Atherton, Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, defended Iran's dictatorial regime in terms identical with the Shah's own. Mr. Atherton acted, thus, in the capacity of the Shah's personal translator. William Rogers, former Secretary of State, is the Shah's lawyer and representative in the Pahlavi Foundation of New York, a tax-exempt organization set up with money stolen from millions of peasants by the Shah and his father. South Korea has been even more daring and ingenious, bribing U.S. Congressmen on the very steps of the Capitol.

As a result of these strange transactions, the United States, former refuge of all politically harassed peoples, has been turned into the playground of thugs and goons from the Iranian SAVAK, the Chilean DINA and the Korean CIA. They harass, intimidate and kill exiles and

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Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

dissidents on American soil. The Shah, richer than the heads of those two other countries, has bought for himself academic honors in major U.S. universities, among them Harvard, M.I.T., Georgetown and UCLA.

Thousands of Iranian doctors, engineers and teachers live abroad; thousands of others are in the Shah's dungeons and torture chambers. The Shah gives them a choice: do as I tell you, live in exile, or die in prison. In place of these men and women, the Shah hires Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Englishmen, because he knows that he can buy them and use them as his accomplices in the throttling of the Iranian people. He also buys artists, directors, dancers and poets. If Mr. Baskerville were alive, he would shoot himself; in fact, he *is* alive and shooting himself. American democracy is committing suicide. Baskerville died once in my home town, now he is dying a second death, this time in his own home, the United States.

And why is this happening? In Baskerville's time, the British and Russians were trying to divide Iran into two colonies, one for each of them. The constitutional revolution was both an anti-colonial and a democratic movement. Baskerville could identify with such a movement, since it carried the goals of both the French and the American Revolutions. In fighting against the Shah as the internal enemy of the people, Satter Khan, the leader of the revolution, was also fighting against Anglo-Russian colonialism. Perhaps Baskerville saw in this revolutionary leader the incarnation of the leaders of his own revolution. He virtually threw away his American passport, trained his own unit of fighting men, and fought and died for the revolution.

The contemporary American seems quite a different species. He has lost his sense of identity with all progressive movements, American or otherwise. He seems ready to go to the next Vietnam under another name. The presence of 31,000 Americans in Iran is plain evidence that Vietnam did not truly open the eyes of all Americans; if it had, they would immediately have seen the similarities between Vietnam and Iran and would have refused to go to the second country. But there is an ugly reality that all Americans should understand: the big U.S. corporations are in the process of creating a war, an American war, in Iran. An American-educated Iranian intellectual said to me recently: "In the late 1980s President Walter Mondale will speak of the Vietnamization of war in Iran."

The present Iran is the creation of colonialism. Although Iran was never colonized, it has had, during the last fifty years, a semi-colonial status. Reza Shah, the reigning King's father, was placed on the throne by the British, and ousted by both the Soviets and the British during World War II. The present Shah was first given power by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin in 1941; later, in 1953, when he was in danger of being ousted by Premier Mossadegh, he was reinstalled by the CIA. Ever since then, Iran has become part and parcel of American history. Any state in the United States is more independent from the federal government than Iran could hope to be from the State Department, the Pentagon, or the big corporations.

There are differences of course, but Iranians suffer from the adverse effects of these differences. For example, if an American kills an Iranian in Iran, the Iranian Government will have no jurisdiction over the murderer. He will not be tried in an Iranian court. But if an Iranian kills an American in the United States, the Iranian Government will have no authority over him, and he will be tried according to American law. An Iranian in Iran is a second-class citizen, Americans being the first-class citizens. All Americans carry yellow cards, which show that they have political immunity; if they violate Iranian law, they are to be tried by American law. Imagine an Iranian caught speeding on Fifth Avenue in New York, and paying his fine to an Iranian court. Recently an American drove a motorcycle into an Iranian mosque. Nobody heard of a trial, Iranian or American. Imagine an Iranian driving a motorcycle into a church in Minneapolis and you will see what I mean. On September 3, 1976 *The Washington Post* published an interview with Chief Parviz Sabeti, a torturer and the second highest official in the SAVAK. Sabeti "castigated the FBI for not keeping closer watch on Iranian exile and student groups in America."

Mr. Baskerville would immediately have armed himself against the likes of Sabeti; but alas, the spirit of Mr. Baskerville is not among us. Instead, we have 31,000 Americans in Iran who are ready to shoot Mr. Baskerville or those he trained and defended. The American passport, the yellow card of immunity, the job for Grumman, Northrop, Lockheed, Rockwell International, Bell Helicopter and tens of other U.S. corporations in Iran, the Shah's petrodollars pouring into the pockets of the stockholders of these corporations, his policy of oil for arms, and the participation of Americans in the Shah's oppressive measures—all these, in sum, are what is called Iranian-American relations. They press like a granite rock on Mr. Baskerville's spirit. Hence, the impossibility of Mr. Baskerville's resurrection, and hence, the impossibility of American democracy. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Ideological Potpourri

CROOKED PATHS: Reflections on Socialism, Conservatism, and the Welfare State. *By Peter Clecak. Harper & Row. 206 pp. $10.95.*

TODD GITLIN

In his new book, Peter Clecak continues his attempt to define a conservative Left politics for a conservative society. The situation in which he writes seems post-everything (post-New Left, post-Keynesian, post-Vietnam, post-Watergate) but not at all clear what it is pre-. "Beyond the usual differences of interests, values, and goals that divide Americans," as Clecak writes, "there is a sense that none of the basic perspectives quite fits, or that several positions on any vital question from capital punishment to busing may fit, depending upon the argumentative context, one's mood, and the considerations excluded from a crowded consciousness at a given moment." This is another way of saying that first principles are essentially contested and deadlocked. One need not be a weary intellectual to feel it: Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown, to name two, have built their political successes on some plausible readings of that deadlock and some stylish promises to respect it.

Clecak wants a socialism which is equally sober and ecumenical. At the end of his first book, *Radical Paradoxes* (1974), he found himself forced toward a minimal democratic socialism by the overreaching and underthinking of the New Left; it was the lingering afterimage of the already mythic 1960s that gave force and logic to minimalism. *Crooked Paths,* now, is a sustained argument about the paradoxes that follow from the failure to explode history—about liberty versus equality, about the excess of demands versus the scarcity of resources. Clecak's task in *Crooked Paths* is to spell out a sad wisdom—the politics of the decade, not the millennium.

For revolutionism is safely buried now, as politics if not as legend. (Of course, there will always be those, pro and con, whose intellectual confusion and here-and-now helplessness require a periodic exhuming of the specter—or the whipping boy.) If "revolution" is the name of an inchoate desire, not a new society or a sensible praxis, then which are the traditions from which a prescriptive politics may draw? After all, the New Left's *intellectual* defaults are all the more painfully felt now that its practical achievements are forgotten or outdistanced. So Clecak takes his prescriptive agenda from the rival schools of neo-conservatism and democratic socialism. His vocabulary comes to rest on "scarcity," "rising entitlements," "cultural anomie," "democratic distemper." With the boundaries of possibility thus pulled in, his argument is synthetic, a sort of distribution of portfolios to an intellectual cabinet composed of socialism, liberalism, and conservatism. Striving so hard for the mean, judiciously allotting equal time to the three ideological survivals of the bourgeois epoch, Clecak may be propounding a politics nobody wants enough to bring about, and one that would not achieve much even if it materialized.

It is worth tracing Clecak's line of argument through a few of its weavings, at the risk of oversimplification. Separated from Communist utopianism, Clecak's preferred democratic socialism comes down to a bounded dream. For Marx, he argues persuasively, the tensions among liberty, equality and fraternity were to dissolve in the sweet solvent of abundance. The kingdom of freedom began on the other side of necessary labor. But the Communist dream of perfection is "flawed in theory and oppressive in practice." It must be "unequivocally" rejected, even as a standard by which to criticize the existing order, because abundance obviously does not exist (and presumably never will), and because the Marxian utopia is, anyway, static, a projection of Christian eschatology. Without abundance, "efforts to enact Communist ends invariably require oppressive means"; they lead to nihilism and, ultimately, disillusion. The logic of this case is unexceptionable and important.

But Clecak is no guide to the historical circumstances in which, as he argues, the New Left succumbed to this maddening logic. He wrenches the movement out of the lived reality of its time—it was primarily a *student* movement, unassisted, with all the damage the war in Vietnam and the fight against it did to calm and orderly thought. Moreover, much of the New Left, however tempted, never succumbed to a "Communist vision." The bulk of it combined revolutionary *sentiments* with distinctly reformist *programs.* But so be it. It remains true that the transcendental revolutionism of the late New Left was, in the end, less politics than religiosity, religiosity without a reliable God.

So much, in any case, for the "bad dream" of communism, and with it the hope for a total vision of change. Then what remains for socialism on earth? If it is to amount to anything now, it must be a tentative, cautious, defensive socialism. Brilliantly Clecak shows how the alibi of "after the Revolution" protected the Socialist vision from its own vagueness, and how revulsion against Stalinism forced upon Socialists the polar choice of insistence upon democracy. But, unlike Michael Harrington, say, Clecak sees that patient, modest socialism, shorn of its Communist hope and alibi, tends to blur into liberalism. It is a "partial vision," "a matter of more or less, of some, not all." "Its superiority to current modes of capitalism becomes a complex and in many ways moot issue, a cluster of empirical questions." Not very stirring stuff. Who will take the trouble to be a Socialist when liberalism promises to expand the welfare state on its own?

Moreover, Clecak argues, democratic socialism at its best has three interlocking deficiencies: (*1*) It is not sufficiently participatory and decentralist. (*2*) Crucially, without the "secular grace" (fine conceit!) of increased production and abundance, the political coalition of "invisible social democracy" will likely fall apart, as conflicts over scarce goods, services, and space fragment the competing interests. (*3*) Democratic socialism may not include a "moral center," an adequate web of values. For all that Clecak wants to separate political from cultural crisis, as communism does not, he is still trying to propound a politics that addresses both. If I understand him (this section goes cryptic), his disbelief

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that democracy and egalitarianism suffice as sources of value is intimately related to his perception that the spiritual hole in the heart of American politics has become a political problem. Most Americans want a moral order, not just goods and services. He wants democratic socialism to compete with Jimmy Carter's twice-born "love" on its own terms. It seems the impulse toward secular religion dies hard.

And since democratic socialism usually proposes to ride piggyback on the fate of the welfare state, what of liberalism? But liberalism is running into its limits, succumbing to its own success. "The historical evolution of the American system—notably the ascendancy of huge corporations, the rise of organized labor, the creation of new technologies, the emergence of a large service sector, and the augmented political role of the state—has shattered the socioeconomic, political, and cultural frameworks which originally animated the powerful values of liberal capitalism." The liberal state has activated the "endless claims" of interest groups, and then conservative opposition. With prosperity, the swollen state works: all interests are institutionalized. But now the bubble bursts. The old gradualist path is obstructed by economics (capitalist downturn) and politics (conservative resistance). In these straits, we may now see that at bottom "the dilemmas of liberalism are philosophical and ideological"—the clash between liberty and equality again—and that liberalism is an inherently conflicted system of thought and value.

The argument wobbles now as Clecak vacillates between the Socialist and conservative critiques of the welfare state. At times he takes the conservative point of view, clucking over the greed of the lowly. In this mood, he takes too seriously the "new egalitarian thrust" of the Kennedy-Johnson period. He makes much of such figures as the increase in federal spending on health, education, and welfare from 6.4 percent of the federal budget in 1965 to 15.1 percent in 1970: as if 15.1 percent were a vast and outlandish luxury. Clecak does not know what to do with the fact that, as he admits, the Great Society was "more rhetorical than substantive."

From this conservative rhetoric, inconsistently, he shifts back to the firmer ground of Socialist critique: it was the liberal *rhetoric* that frightened many because of what it promised (more "entitlements," more bureaucracies) rather than what it delivered. Because it is a creation of capitalism, the welfare state has afforded just enough welfare to overtax (given the skewed tax structure) and antagonize the middle sectors, and not enough to move significantly toward actual equality. Knowing this, though, does not amount to knowing what to do about it within the framework of capitalist political economy.

Therefore, to liberals who watch their egalitarian dreams vanish as the economy skids, Clecak ends up commending a tempered socialism. Much of the conservative critique of the welfare state melts away as we rediscover that capitalism generates injustice. In this twist of Clecak's gnarled argument, we learn that over the past twenty-five years the poorest fifth of American families have barely, if at all, increased their share of the national cash income. The welfare state leaves the poor poor, the middling resentful and the rich richer. But again: without the "secular grace" of high growth, a democratic Socialist movement will itself never succeed in transcending the conflicts built into welfare capitalism. In these modest circumstances, how shall radicalized liberals and liberalized Socialists proceed? "Both, I shall propose, need to become more conservative."

And here comes the final turn of the screw: the revenge of conservatism. Now that the path to socialism through a bigger welfare state is obstructed, conservative doubts about progress become more plausible. Foremost, "the conservative vision reminds us that our deepest discontents have spiritual sources and require spiritual amelioration." Although American conservatism has always been inconsistent in speaking up for a capitalist order that systematically destroys the old and merchandises the new, Clecak thinks that some strands of conservative thought remind us of the need for a "balanced moral vision," for norms "to restrain passion" and "to discipline will." He counterposes these "conservative" virtues to the rampages of the presumably liberal "quest for self-fulfillment" (without, however, paying enough attention to the systematic *capitalist* mass marketing of "self-fulfillment"). But because for all their acuity conservatives have no good theory of justice, no decent sense of the public weal, and no analysis of privilege (one might add that they seem to have little *interest* in it, on the whole), Clecak concludes that conservatism "is a useful corrective to the critical spirit of modern radicalism," though not a substitute. "At its best, conservatism is a style of reflection that needs to be exercised continuously to prevent stereotypic vision and political sclerosis."

Where does this leave us? "The only viable paths are crooked ones, and these inevitably are slow." None of the major bourgeois traditions is sufficient for a decent society; each is indispensable, but

WINTER, 1975

These are the bare beams with the nails
showing through, the attic, the enclosed porch,
the closet where the cat had her first litter.

These are my grandmother's rooms, the kitchen,
the flour bin, the cupboard, the dish
where she soaked her teeth, the hole

she knocked in the wall for a window.
This is the space between the slates, the blinds,
the yellow light coming through, the dust beam,

the dust on the landing, the backstairs
that lead to the basement, the root-cellar,
the cache-pit, the place where my grandmother

buried her turnips, carrots and beets.
There is the smell of wood chips, kerosene,
and an old load of coal dumped against

the rough white stone. There are two shelves
full of Mason jars along the wall, the feel
of the furnace heat, the cold dirt floor.

And here everything stops: peaches up in
the air behind the blue glass—underground,
the tuber with its flesh, its whole skin, stays.

Mary Swander

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each, pushed too far, decomposes. We should be ecumenical, absorbing the democratic Socialist critique of foreign policy (more commended than presented here) along with the liberal emphasis on toleration and representative democracy, and so on. To acknowledge all the clashing rights, he wants a "just meritocracy"; to avoid tyranny, he wants a variety of modes of ownership and control. When he gives up on the vision of a whole socialism off there in the future, he also gives up on the attendant strategies: distinct and passionate Socialist ideology, movement, and party. Socialists should move into the mainstream of politics "without privileged historical or moral vantage points." The "idea of socialism" is dead; long live "Socialist ideas," demystified, practical, and partial.

This is the skeleton, at least, of Clecak's argument. We are left with an "endless labor" of compromise and accommodation. Thus *Crooked Paths* is not likely to satisfy anyone very deeply: it is too polite to all the contenders. Clecak would say that political theory is not meant to stir one up; indeed, that passions are dangerous to political wisdom and the public good. Gray arguments are not necessarily wrong, any more than red ones are necessarily right. Still, in this gray book of too often stiff prose, the greatest force lies in the most polemical passages, especially the polemic against the Communist alibi.

But Clecak's quiet argument for quiet socialism is still not complete, not altogether convincing. For one thing, Clecak is never quite clear about his essential premise of "relative scarcity." Is it the "notion" of abundance that is wanting, or the actuality? How much scarcity is *material*, under any conceivable political-economic system; and how much is specific to corporate capitalist structure in general and to the present post-Vietnam, post-embargo, inflationary crisis in particular? Which crunches are logical, which are structural and which are situational? What kinds of ecologically sound economic growth might be possible? How does international economics affect these prospects? The terrific irrationality and waste of corporate capitalism as a productive machine are compounded by the military-industrial swindle, which Clecak ignores almost completely. To put it simply, there are strong grounds for believing that much of the social crisis is of political manufacture, though by no means all of it, and that there could be considerably more physical and financial resources available than most liberals assume. Clecak neglects these issues almost completely. So the argument at times seems to float, weightless.

Then, too, it seems to me Clecak bends over backward to be respectful to neo-conservatism, and underplays the depredations of capitalism and therefore the stakes of our politics. In particular, his case for democracy seems weaker than necessary as he shies away from the decentralization that democracy requires. A few paragraphs on decentralism to 45 pages on conservatism: not much of a balance! He exaggerates the nostalgic spirit behind decentralist currents in American life, and ignores the highly rational explorations featured, for example, in the journal *Working Papers*. Likewise, he is partial toward the individualist critique of statism, and almost entirely ignores the rich anarchist critique and vision of Kropotkin as refined, most recently, by Paul Goodman and Gar Alperovitz. Indeed, Clecak seems unaccountably testy on the subject of decentralism. Reading Kropotkin or Martin Buber, one would not rush to yield the wand of "moral vision" to Russell Kirk or William F. Buckley Jr. Instead, Clecak speaks glibly and vaguely of "humanizing" bureaucracies. Suddenly his exacting specifications disappear, and we are left with that quintessentially American operation of repainting the social house.

Which leads to a final criticism of *Crooked Paths*: it obscures the realities of power. It inquires into the shapes and destinations of crooked paths, not so much into the nature of the obstructors—nor into the identity of the seekers. It is too vague about what is at stake in walking and not walking. It treats politics too much as conversation and not enough as conflict. Clecak's intention is admirable: to articulate many of the doubts a rational person feels—even secretly—in the political and cultural swamp. But despite brilliancies, the book is finally more a catalogue of doubts than a convincing map through them. Its temperateness is too tepid, its values too knotted, its prose (perhaps for this reason) too turgid. The crooked paths seem to lead but to the treadmill. □

A Black Point of View

BLACK CULTURE AND BLACK CONSCIOUSNESS: Afro-American Folk Thought from Slavery to Freedom. *By Lawrence W. Levine. Oxford University Press. 552 pp. $15.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

Levine's *Black Culture and Black Consciousness* reflects the recent revisions of black history. Levine thinks of blacks not as "passive subjects," mindlessly reacting to whatever whites take it into their heads to do to them but "as people with a point of view and a cultural frame of reference who were able to respond with some degree of selectivity and intelligence to their environment." To define the nature of that response, Levine goes to the culture of the black folk, to their religious songs, their tales, their jokes, their popular heroes, their secular music, both before and after emancipation. He finds there a design of their inner life, their thought, their attitudes that, while perhaps not absolutely new, is yet so thoroughly filled out that it appears to us as a kind of revelation.

This is a fine book on a number of levels. It contains a tremendous store of information drawn from a huge array of sources, some readily available, some not. This information is brought together in a prodigious act of organization and selection coupled with some persuasive guidelines by which Levine steers us through it. It is also rich in examples of the black folk culture—unfamiliar spirituals, lists of conventional blues lines, jokes from the plantation as well as the ghetto, tales that cover a wide range of black life and attitudes. There is also a good deal of incidental lore. For instance, hitters in baseball are said to rely on "rituals, taboos, and fetishes" more often than fielders do. This is because fielders enjoy nearly certain success (9.7 times in 10), while hitters succeed only 2.5 times in 10. Magic, in other words, tends to appear when one lacks control over his environment, or when that environment is radically uncertain. This is, according to Levine, one explanation for the high incidence of magic one finds in traditional black folk belief.

Nevertheless, this is a book of history, albeit folk history, or social history. It examines the everyday experience of ordinary people. Levine comes to his work as a serious historian who believes that much important history has been

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lost because of the limits orthodoxy has placed upon its subjects and evidence, but this does not mean he abandons thorough and systematic research and presentation. If we are to believe him, and he is extremely persuasive, the revolution in interpreting slavery that was supposed to result from Fogel and Engerman's *Time on the Cross* (1975) has not materialized. Their notion of slavery as a good life in which slaves cooperated with masters is not borne out by Levine's analysis of his folk material. Slavery, he assures us, was horrible, but it "was never so complete a system of psychic assault that it prevented the slaves from carving out independent cultural forms. It never pervaded all of the interstices of their minds and their culture, and in those gaps they were able to create an independent art form and a distinctive voice."

This art is an oral art in which, through disguised imagery and indirect statement, the slaves expressed their dammed-up feelings. It shows in particular the steady resistance the slaves mounted against the total control of their psyches. This resistance was internal, not external, existential, not political. The songs tell of the cruelty of masters, of getting sold down the river, of the desire to be free. The spirituals also reflect a whole "sacred world" raised in contradistinction to the actuality of slavery, a world pervaded not only by the black version of the Christian God but by the spirits of things, ha'nts, signs. The slave, says Levine, does not patiently bear the painful present in the hope of heavenly reward, though that is an element in the religion, but constructs instead a world view that provides for transcendence of the present: "The God I serve is a man of war," goes one slave song, and that warrior, whose life is sustained in the art of the folk, provided a psychic defense against being submerged in the identity imposed by the white man. Black folk expression tells us—at least it tells Levine—that American blacks have never quite given up their own way of looking at things. The slave culture was self-contained, relatively homogeneous and unified. Their "sacred world" encompassed the seen and the unseen, the earthly and the heavenly, the past, the present and the future. Their wisdom addressed itself to survival. Their spirituals played up their worth rather than their degradation. Their tales show the weak overcoming the powerful.

After emancipation—even with Jim Crow, the "black codes," the barriers to voting and education and employment—the freed blacks had opportunities never available to them during slavery. Under the centrifugal pressure of these new alternatives, the old culture became more diffuse. Northern teachers came South, less tolerant of the freedman's ways than the old slave owners were. The Northerners, shocked by the ebullience of black religious ceremony, insisted that the slave culture be dismantled and replaced by the "right" one, the New England one. They urged blacks to restrain themselves while praising God, and they tried to teach them a new language. With the advent of reading, the old oral culture begins to deteriorate, and the freed slaves find themselves with two language systems.

Middle-class blacks are liable to disengage themselves from the folk culture as from signs of the race's ignominy. The "superstition" of the hybrid religion, the crudity of spontaneous behavior, and the "incorrectness" of the freed masses' language—these are embarrassing trademarks. The music that grows out of the highly rhythmic slave songs—ragtime, blues, then jazz—becomes associated with sin, and many blacks of all classes gave it up. The spiritual slips from its central position in black religious life, as that life itself splinters into dozens of pieces, causing rents in the great canopy of the old slave world view.

Yet, among some parts of the black populace there remains a strong centripetal force that seeks to bind and retain the cultural pieces in some communal pattern. Levine is sure-handed as he marshals his evidence, develops his argument, and draws his conclusions. He throws into relief whole designs that have only heretofore appeared in parts, arranging details of great complexity into plausible form. For instance, the "gospel" song begins to replace the spiritual soon after emancipation. The difference is noticeable. For the warrior Jesus of the old religious songs who helped the slaves transcend the present world, the gospels substitute "a benevolent spirit who promised His children rest and peace and justice in the hereafter." Gradually, the gospel assimilates the essential rhythms of the spiritual, of ragtime, the blues, and jazz, and through the work of musicians like Thomas A. Dorsey and Mahalia Jackson, a new kind of religious music takes shape that is appropriate to the new black status and the changing character of the black world.

Levine admits that like other scholars, he cannot locate the origin of the blues. He does say that they grow in response to the influence of freedom. One of the values the white culture of the North urged upon the freedmen was individuality. Black music had been very much the product of the group with songs changing and growing out of the stimulus that members of the group had upon one another. The blues became the medium for expressing a more individual experience. Private rather than public, the blues were performed by a single person with a guitar, whose subject was not a public triumph but the personal trials of the solo performer.

At the same time, the blues also serve the sense of black community. After describing a performance by B.B. King at Harlem's Apollo Theatre in which King's audience identifies with the story he sings in his blues, Levine explains that the performance has a kind of ritual significance. Such performers, says Levine, "share the expressive role occupied by the preachers," combining most of the elements of the church service: "charisma, catharsis, and solidarity." In the blues performance "common problems are enunciated, understood, shared, and frequently the seeds of a solution to them are suggested . . . the bluesman is something of a shaman: 'He presents difficult experiences for the group, and the effectiveness of his performance depends upon a mutual sharing of experience. . . . Church music is directed collectively to God; blues are directed individually to the collective.' "

The result of much of Levine's discussion is that we wish to witness this folk culture in all its originality and richness. He is not out to undercut white popular culture, yet his sympathies are so strongly with his material that whenever comparisons are made, they are nearly always invidious to white popular culture which, he says, represses many of the realities of everyday life, physical love, imperfect lovers, the sensory aspects of experience. Popular songs from the dominant culture tend to celebrate instead the ideal lover, a dream world in which heaven-made relationships fall upon the lonely lover with fairy-tale suddenness ("And then there suddenly appeared before me / The only one my arms will ever hold"). Black secular music, on the other hand, tends toward greater realism. Sexual intercourse, homosexuality, infidelity, drunkenness, violence—all find their way into the blues. If there is self-pity there, the speaker generally finds ways to overcome it, usually with humor:

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,

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'Cause my baby, she won't take me back.

Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
Gwine lay my head right on de railroad track,
If de train come 'long, I'm gwine to snatch it back.

This is, as I say, a book about Afro-American folk *thought*, not a history of Afro-American folk. It shows us a vital culture whose purveyors display an awareness of their condition and an expression of that awareness that might well have been lost to us. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

David Mamet is a talented young American writer. He is not yet a complete dramatist, but may become one. One of the impediments to his progress is Mr. Puff, a generic name for most journalist reviewers.

Mamet's talent, at present, is for colorful (cartoon) characterization. There is content in his drawing as well as originality. He employs the language of people who have not yet arrived at the stage of integrated personality; they are void of coherent inner experience. Words, barely assimilated, casually picked up from the public media, rattle around in their consciousness only to come out in half-finished, involuted and convoluted spurts of verbiage, more gibberish than meaning. The effect is sometimes very funny and strangely disheartening. Millions speak so.

Mamet's latest play is *American Buffalo*. The title refers to the now rare five-cent coin. In the play, a man who wanders into a junk shop offers $80 for one such nickel. He is therefore presumed to have a large collection of valuable coins, and Donny Dubrow, the junk-shop boss, plans—with the aid of his juvenile assistant, Bobby, a subnormal fellow who serves as his surrogate son—to rob the wealthy customer of his treasure. To do this efficiently they call on a friend whom they call "Teach" (for teacher) to execute the proposed heist. The job never comes off for reasons that are ambiguous or deliberately left unclear. The situation hardly matters: hence a lack of dramatic fiber.

Look at the face of the coin, as reproduced on the show's playbill. The buffalo looks stunned, baffled, dejected, ready for slaughter. The animal is antiquated, and the would-be robbers are a mess. The combination is symbolic.

Donny is the gang's solid base. He lives in soiled passivity amid the debris from which he earns his living. He tries to "educate" Bobby, to whom he is paternally and possibly homosexually attached, correcting, reproving and protecting him. Bobby, without independent resources, is benevolently enslaved. On this account, he may have plotted the projected theft on his own, with the help of an unseen ally who is later reported to have had his jaw broken.

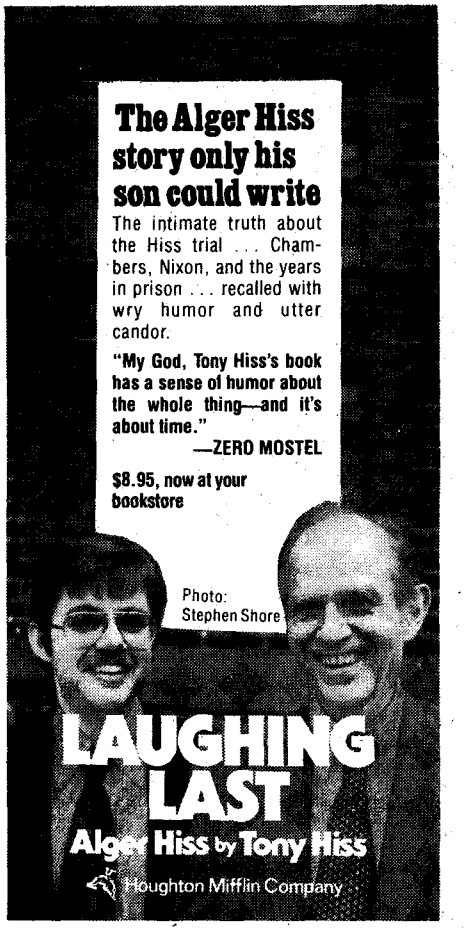
Teach is the "brains" of the outfit. He repeatedly speaks of sensible business practice, totes a gun, and is maniacally frightened, hysterically hostile and, through essential impotence, violent: he smashes things. Donny somehow likes him. None of these men has warm ties with any women; a consciousness of love hardly exists among them. They are close only through their proximity in the same muck heap. They are dissevered from the world; they are aware of the police, a few women whom they despise, and several other men of their own kind, mentioned but never present.

The fragmentation and vagueness of the play's plot and dialogue constitute its meaning. The characters' lines have no "body": their behavior is a series of obscene spasms, all of them abjectly pathetic. The play's incompleteness, though suggestive, demands something more, which the author's future work may provide.

A junk shop is usually a crummy hole. Santo Loquasto's setting is immense, a massive edifice of refuse, the *disjecta* of a chaotic civilization. The cast, under Ulu Grosbard's intuitive direction, is excellent. Kenneth McMillan plays Donny with a sense of the sad, slow, still sentient humanity that resides in the thickness of his mind and flesh. John Savage makes lamentable but sympathetic sense of Bobby's victimization, and Robert Duvall as Teach has the menace which makes our streets, with the short-circuited energies contained in them, terrifying.

Splendidly graphic, *The Cherry Orchard* at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, is a Chekhov charade. I doubt that anyone who had not already seen or read the play would understand it as now produced. For while the entire text is used in a colloquially American version by Jean-Claude van Itallie, it is not so much the Russian writer's play as Andrei Serban's.

A young director from Romania, Serban is among the most gifted theatre people now resident in this country. I liked one of his productions I saw in Bucharest some years ago, I greatly admired his *Medea-Trojan Women* cycle



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at La Mama, and was pleased with his *Good Woman of Setzuan* at the same theatre. With *The Cherry Orchard*, I find him pursuing a false track.

It is an exuberant show. For a student of stage direction it is, in one particular respect, exemplary. Everything is visualized: the eye reads the scenes. And very handsome they all are in Santo Loquasto's settings and costumes. The cast too is most likable. It enthusiastically fulfills every one of the director's instructions. Yet the playful result doesn't add up to a play. It makes very little Chekhovian sense or even, except in a limited way, Serban sense.

Chekhov conceived his play as a comedy. He found Stanislavsky's interpretation too tearful. Right or wrong, however, it proved extremely affecting and meaningful. Serban's production is an exercise in theatrics: a mishmash of vaudeville turns interlarded with poetic tableaux and picturesque effects for social symbolism. The actors vociferate at the top of their bent to emphasize absurdities in their characters' attitudes or come forward to stage center at serious moments which become soliloquies or "arias." Nearly every scene is a set piece. It is all very much like an operetta of indeterminate style.

This is so-called "director's theatre" with a vengeance. The text goes hang. We are already familiar with the play's subject or theme: the dying of a futile but still amiable class in the old Russia, and the lyric prediction (or hope) of future renewal. To make this inescapably apparent, some characters behave clownishly, others speak like revolutionary orators, and in one scene there is the shadow of a huge industrial plant, representing the days to come. At the end of the evening a pretty maiden comes to lay flowers on the old servant, Firs's, dead body to mark the burial of the old order and the dawn of a new age!

I do not object to free adaptation or departures in the treatment of "standard" plays. In one of the most outstanding of these, Meyerhold's production of *The Inspector General*, the great Russian director took more liberties with Gogol than Serban does with Chekhov. But the play's essential significance was rendered more incisively than in any of the traditional productions I had seen. Peter Brook de-romanticized *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but it came through with Shakespearean zest and point. Serban's *Cherry Orchard* is based on a misconception of "new theatre."

Every element employed in the theatre must support the whole. A unified, self-sufficient and intelligible meaning (not dependent on prior knowledge) must be achieved. With or without verbal text, no part should supersede the central intention. We might suppose from the present *Cherry Orchard* that the director dislikes the text and used it only to display his artistry.

In the third act, for instance, in which Ranevskaya is on tenter hooks to learn whether her beloved home and estate is to be sold, guests are dancing at a family party. In the old days, the senile man servant says, the guests used to be generals, barons, admirals; now they are the station master and a post office employee and even they do not come willingly. The dancing is supposed to be seen in the background through most of the act. At the Vivian Beaumont now, the dance becomes a miniature ballet in fancy costume, which takes place in a circular enclosure that occupies three-quarters of the stage. The main action and important dialogue are crowded onto the forestage. When Ranevskaya refers to the noisiness around her, the dancers have disappeared, so that she can be heard. The byplay takes precedence over the play.

Here Chekhov comedy becomes stuff for gags, thought is speechified and moments of tenderness or psychological subtlety are scotched by burlesque business. Many scenes alternate among obvious "symbolism," parodies of sentiment, or mere frivolous gamesmanship, in a "modern" or sophisticated manner.

In brief, matter and method must always be honestly wed in the theatre, so that what we hear and see are in consonance with some intended statement, as they are, for example, in Brecht's productions. I found no such statement in this *Cherry Orchard*, except that its director is a superb craftsman. Acknowledged masterpieces may be reinterpreted but not trifled with for the sake of theatre aesthetics and dilettante exegesis.

Still, Andrei Serban's *Cherry Orchard* should be seen. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

My earliest memories of Duke Ellington have to do with dances the band played. In my early teens, I couldn't dance, and didn't want to anyway. I came to listen, chin on the bandstand, all night long. And I came early, because I knew that certain sidemen habitually, seriatim, showed up late. That meant that for thirty or forty minutes, only Duke and the rhythm section would play. When the full band was on hand, Duke was reluctant to stretch out on piano, professing to be just a journeyman pianist but actually greatly preferring to hear his orchestral scores come fully alive. "Those expensive gentlemen traveling with me are my instrument," he would say. Yet those early evening piano sessions were unfailingly fascinating, with Duke playing a robust, plangent two-handed piano based on his stride roots and yet as utterly distinctive—graceful, sensual, witty, subtly dramatic—as his compositions.

One of the special pleasures of a new release, *The Intimate Ellington* (Pablo) is that it contains somewhat more of the Ellington piano—some of it solo, some up front in the band—than most of his other sets. What also sets the album apart reminds me of another invaluable segment of my listening apprenticeship as a very young follower of the Duke. He used to let me come to recording sessions, and what most intrigued me were the early takes as the players settled into a song, making suggestions (often adopted by Duke), commenting on the overall sound and direction of a piece. In a way, it was collective composition, taking place in so relaxed an ambiance that I was always surprised when, at the end of the day or night, some final takes had actually been sent out to the world.

It is this quality of unhurried, warmly reflective music-making that characterizes *The Intimate Ellington*. The reason is that these sessions, from 1969 to 1971, were not made for any particular label but recorded at Duke's own expense, and intended for the files. It had long been his custom to summon the band to a recording studio so that he could hear, and then rehear at his limited leisure, whatever he had just written. He might have been between recording contracts or the work might still be in so uncertain a state of progress that he needed to hear all its parts for guidance as to where to go next.

Accordingly, these "in-house" sessions were by definition more informal than even his most relaxed regular studio recordings. In this set, the results are of uncommon value historically, revealing how earlier works became transformed in Duke's head and then in his orchestra (*I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good* and *Sophisticated Lady*) as well as how new pieces sounded at birth (*Intimate Interlude*).

This is not to say that these are tentative sketches, interesting only to the

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small band of jazz scholars. Nearly all the performances are fully realized (however much Duke was to change them later, for he abhorred the notion that any composition of his was ever finished). There are classic solos by Harry Carney (on bass clarinet as well as baritone saxophone), Johnny Hodges who never recorded a flawed solo, and Cootie Williams, among others, particularly Duke himself.

There must be many more such "unofficial" Ellington recording sessions in someone's care, and it is to be hoped that they will ultimately be revealed. There are also hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Ellington broadcasts, only a few of which have been released in recent years as albums. In addition, there are as yet hidden caches of "live" recordings of Ellington concerts. One of the latter has been sprung—*Duke Ellington/His Most Important Second War Concert,* which was somehow rescued by an English label, Sagapan Records, and is available in this country through CMS Records, Inc., 14 Warren St., New York, N.Y. 10007.

The event was a December 1943, Carnegie Hall concert, and the band was one of the most resplendent Ellington ever headed (Hodges, Carney, Ray Nance, Rex Stewart, "Tricky Joe" Nanton, Lawrence Brown, Otto Hardwick, Junior Raglin, et al.). Included are such decidedly major Ellington pieces as *Ring Dem Bells, Jack the Bear, Black and Tan Fantasy* and excerpts from *Black, Brown and Beige.* As for the latter ("a tone parallel to the history of the American Negro"), it has yet to be issued in its complete form. Yet there is at least one extant private recording of its 1943 première, and perhaps others as well. The work's unavailability is a grievous gap in the Ellington canon.

Will a *pro bono* Ellington hoarder step forward? □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

At the start of *The Late Show,* Ira Wells, private eye (Art Carney), is at the typewriter, pounding out memories of the good and dangerous old days when Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett were keeping the peace in the California coast cities. His housekeeper calls out, "You have a visitor, Mr. Wells"; he opens the door and his old buddy falls into his arms, spattering blood all over the memento-covered walls. Wells, thirty years on the shelf, isn't the sort to take that kind of thing amiably, and before you know it we're off on a manhunt into Hollywood nostalgia.

It is not exactly a period piece; everyone except Ira is very much up to date. His intrepid if gaga girl assistant (Lily Tomlin) is much given to "highs" and "lows"; a hysterical nonstop talker, she spouts astrology and Eastern religion and is not above pushing a little dope until her astral fashion designs begin to catch on with the public. Wells, to be sure, is at least a generation out of date, gone in the legs, dependent on a hearing aid, the kind of man young punks like to call "Pops"—and one young punk gets his neck squeezed and his teeth loosened for taking that liberty. However, Ira is something of an anomaly as a senior citizen; he can shoot the front tire off a speeding getaway car at a distance of 200 feet and he nurses a perforated ulcer with shots of straight bourbon.

I confess I enjoyed this exercise in innocent manslaughter. The script (written and directed by Robert Benton) involves adultery, stolen goods, blackmail and a cat that is being held as hostage. It is not entirely plausible (for one thing, the police show a surprising lack of interest in the bodies pouring into the morgue), but that is somewhat offset by the fact that it is not entirely comprehensible, partly because the characters are of the sort who do not enunciate very clearly and partly because a considerable number of them are dead before the plot catches up with them. I find it difficult to keep corpses straight in my mind; sprawled out or economically packed away, they all look very much alike. But against these deficiencies, the moment-to-moment action is crisply staged, the villains are sufficiently repulsive that one can cheer their abrupt extinction with a good conscience and Carney plays the deceptively inoffensive nemesis as well as it has been done since Spencer Tracy stepped off the train at Black Rock. Further, the time warp, with Wells in effect a ghost from an age that knew neither mantra nor marijuana, gives the film an edge of wit. *The Late Show* is one more salute to the happy days of pre-television Hollywood, and though I doubt that that is the healthiest of preoccupations for present-day film makers, I'm old enough to sympathize with their sentimental envy.

Orson Welles may not be the greatest all-around theatrical talent of our time, but I can't readily call to mind a competitor. In any case, he is certainly the

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most audacious showman, the only one alive today who can wear a full-length cape without looking as absurd as Salvador Dali. He should know therefore that no one fades as fast as yesterday's gossip-column celebrity, and it surprises me that he should have put Clifford Irving smack in the center of *F for Fake*, his documentary essay on the subject. It is a multi-barreled attack: Irving, says Welles, was a great faker (I disagree; he was a depressingly inept faker), who perpetrated a fraudulent biography of a somewhat colorless man who made himself famous by professing a hysterical fear of all human contact. And before that, Irving had written another biography, which if not a fake was certainly about a faker—one Elmyr de Hory, resident of Ibiza, said to be the master art forger of our time, one whose works, variously signed, hold pride of place in the world's leading museums. So by dint of running his videotapes back and forth to produce a nice time muddle, performing himself some feats of prestidigitation (never a very rewarding exercise on the screen, which is itself capable of infinite tricks) and asking himself a number of rhetorical questions about the baffling, multi-faceted structure of reality, Welles tries to shake us from our confidence that we can tell a hawk from a handsaw. Or that we should. What is wrong with a fake, asks our instructor, if it is beautiful and gives pleasure? If not even an expert can tell a de Hory from a Matisse, isn't the one as fine as the other? That sort of cute question shows scant respect for the intelligence of an audience, though Welles may be on to something when he cocks an eye at the professional experts.

The film also introduces us to a Hungarian/Yugoslav beauty, Oja Kodar, whom Welles employs as whistle bait, magician's assistant and heroine of a story in which Picasso at the end of his life is hoaxed by yet another forger, Ms. Kodar's dying father, also said to be widely exhibited in the centers of world culture. Welles confesses at the end that this hoax was itself a hoax; he looks as though he expected us to be stunned by the revelation of our own gullibility, and again I felt that my native wit was being trifled with.

If only the principals of Welles's little excursion into chicanery were more attractive, or at least more engrossingly peculiar, all this jiggery-pokery with flashbacks, stop photography, montage and slow motion might be worth some attention. But his pals on Iberia look and talk like members of the jet set who've had their credit cards voided. They lounge around in suntan oil and keep their spirits up by giving parties for one another, while they wait for the mythical cargo ship to steam in. It must have looked to them as though it had done so when Welles steamed in with the idea of showing the world what fabulous frauds they are, but it costs $3 to watch them scramble for the best camera angles and fake money will not fool the cashier. □

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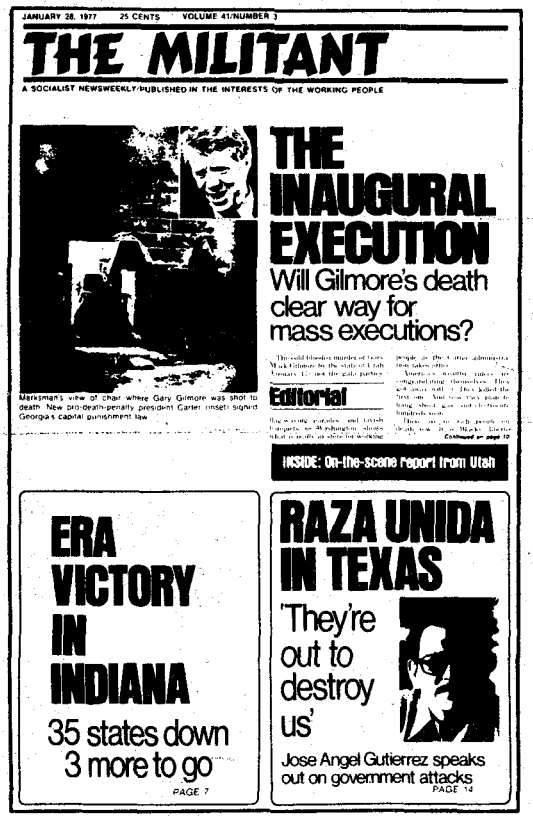
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In some ways the efforts of organizations such as ours have brought important results. We have, for example, assisted in forcing the end of the United States participation in the Vietnam war and in the substantial progress made in the field of civil liberties.

However, we are impelled to call attention to the fact that an enduring peace and social justice are far from having been achieved.

We live in a world in which there is constant stress, antagonisms, and contradictions on every side. Armaments are burgeoning east and west, inflation is raging in the western world, and unemployment is growing. Our prisons are crowded; the crime rate is increasing. While production of material things increases most of the indices show our civilization in decline. Not only has our government succeeded in destabilizing other governments, democratically elected, but we also have succeeded in de-stabilizing ourselves. Detente, heralded as a great step forward, has become an unacceptable term. The American conscience has not yet been reached as to our obligation to rebuild the Vietnam which we have destroyed.

How little we have learned from the futility of armed intervention is clearly displayed by our behavior in the Mayaguez incident where we sacrificed dozens of our own men in a foolish rescue attempt where no one was at all in danger. Watergate, the C.I.A., the F.B.I. have become terms of derision. For the first time in history an American President has been driven from office.

As part of the peace movement we have directed attention to the correction of social injustices in our midst, in the hope that justice at home would lead to peace abroad. Obviously we have not been successful. We have been chopping off branches whereas the ax must be laid at the root of the tree. We will continue to pursue our efforts to achieve disarmament and promote better relations between nations. However, we reluctantly conclude that there must be a fundamental change in our scale of values and accordingly in our economic structure.

The system of private profit must give way to one of public benefit.

We believe that men and women who feel insecure in their total being whether economic, physical or psychic will not and perhaps cannot interact with their neighbors as loving, giving human beings.

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The means at our disposal for bringing to pass this change in values and structure are education, non-violent action, the use of the electorial system, and organizing alternative movements and institutions. For all of these, freedom of speech and the right of public protest are essential.

Our appeal is certainly to morality but also to utility. What we are doing now is not only wrong but does not and cannot work. Our course is headed toward the extinction of mankind.

The case was well stated by Albert Einstein: "I am convinced there is only one way to eliminate these grave evils, namely through the establishment of a socialist economy, accompanied by an educational system which would be oriented toward social goals. In such an economy, the means of production are owned by society itself and are utilized in a planned fashion. A planned economy, which adjusts production to the needs of the community, would distribute the work to be done among all those able to work and would guarantee a livelihood to every man, woman, and child. The education of the individual, in addition to promoting his own innate abilities, would attempt to develop in him a sense of responsibility for his fellow men in place of the glorification of power and success in our present society."

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MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Elliott Carter cites the opening lines of Hart Crane's *The Bridge*, with their image of a sea gull rising and circling over New York harbor, as having suggested the opening of his new *Symphony of Three Orchestras* (introduced on February 17 by the New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez conducting), and the cries of the bird are certainly unmistakable in the woodwinds—in fact, the cries of many gulls. This gentle cacophony of rhythms and intervals is a clue to what follows, for the piece is "about"—in the most general sense of that word—multiplicity, fluidity, conflict. What it isn't, I feel safe in saying, is a piece about birds or bridges; when a screaming, brassy transformation of that opening music appears following the Symphony's climax, it makes explicit a progression of mood and the completion of the main action—it doesn't mean that Crane's gulls have become Hitchcock's birds.

The caution is worth expressing, for the best way to grasp this piece is the same way one grasps Carter's other recent works: by attending closely to the flow of music, as the three ensembles (distinctive subdivisions of the standard symphony orchestra, rather than the identical groups one finds in, say, Mozart's *Notturno* for four orchestras, K. 286) fade in and out. In this Symphony, each "orchestra" has four "movements," each of which surfaces a second time later in the piece. Some of these are easily singled out: the bell sonorities of Orchestra II's first movement, the very fast traceries of Orchestra I's third. Not infrequently, all three groups are in action at once, one finishing up a movement, one in full throttle, a third starting up; sometimes they make "sneak" entrances, other times they hurtle on stage at full tilt (the second appearance of that bell-sound movement is particularly dramatic, with big clangorous chords and then, as the other two orchestras drop out, piano, chimes and vibraphone launching into a tintinnabulating cadenza). Every movement has a different rate of motion, ranging within each orchestra's four from very slow to very fast, so that the overlaps yield a multiplicity of metrical polyphonies—and, at one hair-raising moment, a long accelerating timpani pulse over which the soloists of Orchestra II weave arabesque cadenzas. Eventually the most vigorous material in all three orchestras comes together in a massive collision that crests and collapses suddenly, leaving two solo violins up high to be squelched by great thudding chords, after which, through a series of increasingly fragmentary gestures, everything descends into the sustained resonance of a low piano chord.

The Symphony is the shortest of Carter's major orchestral works (just under fifteen minutes) and, I would say, the most accessible. The beginning is especially welcoming—not only the tapestry of gull cries but a subsequent long rhapsodic trumpet solo (a gift for, and a challenge superbly met by, the Philharmonic's incomparable Gerard Schwarz)—and the drama of the final pages is patent, while between are many immediate beauties: arching lyrical lines for a trio of clarinets in Orchestra II, the shivering of gongs, cymbals and bell tree in Orchestra III, and always the fascinating flux of speeds. It's an easier piece to play than the *Concerto for Orchestra*, and it will be fascinating to hear how it sounds in the hands of the five other orchestras (Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and Los Angeles) that are scheduled to play it as part of the round-robin feature of the National Endowment for the Arts commissioning program under which it is written. The Philharmonic and Boulez certainly gave them all a standard to shoot for, especially after exorcising opening-night nerves (plainly apparent in the Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony that preceded the Carter; at subsequent concerts it turned into a suavely controlled exhibition of expertise and affection). A recording was made by Columbia just before the final performance, and as usual the concerts were taped for later broadcast (although the broadcast will evidently be held over until next season); since most of the other five orchestras also send out taped broadcasts, we should have ample opportunities to revisit this impassioned, dramatic experience over the next few years.

There was a certain appropriateness to the circumstance that the costumes for the Metropolitan Opera's production of Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* were borrowed from other shows (the nuns from *Suor Angelica*, the lay figures from *Andrea Chenier*), for much of the music was demonstrably assembled along similar lines. No matter; John Dexter's restrained staging worked very well, and Poulenc's quietly hedonistic score admirably sustains the attention and the emotions through an action that by itself, or in less sensitive hands, might easily seem repugnant. Two young singers from whom I have expected much—Maria Ewing and Betsy Norden—give finely musical and affecting performances, and one seasoned professional—Régine Crespin—walks off with the first act in a brilliant demonstration of the grand style. The opera is, quite properly, sung in English, with considerable clarity (nevertheless, a preliminary reading of the libretto is strongly recommended), and Michel Plasson conducts with authority. Especially if you were turned off by the City Opera production some years ago (as I was), a visit to this one is worthwhile. □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1670

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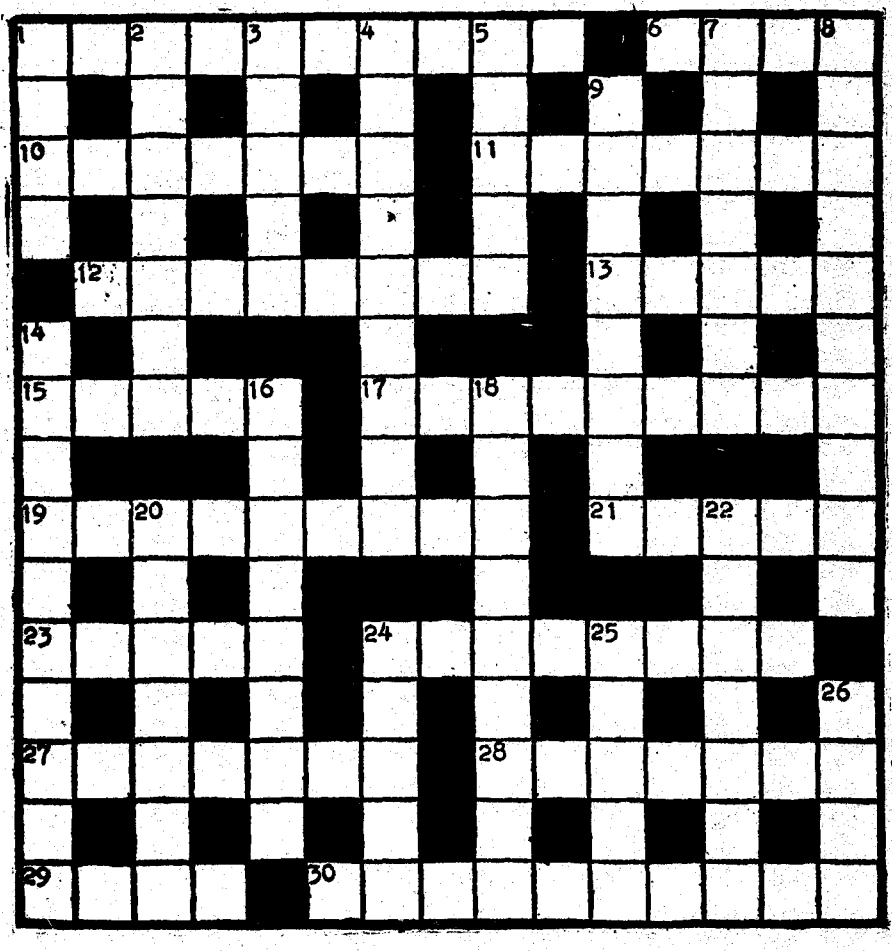

ACROSS

1 and 6 See 23 across
10 Only a fool tells stories about little girls. (7)
11 Press to state briefly what might be a product of mine? (4,3)
12 Gets in a cab, and on sitting down, leaves there. (8)
13 Ray isn't very heavy. (5)
15 A park in the West, especially Colorado.
17 One blemishing things to a degree would also be one who doesn't. (9)
19 Such as Moses and Boyle? (9)
21 Act it out in silent fashion? (5)
23, 1 across and 6 Prepared with a 1 down, and possibly like a seaman's body, one might volunteer to be so. (5,7,3,4)
24 One causing flight from the tuffet and chair being broken. (8)
27 Was first around the new year, like a cake, perhaps. (7)
28 They make them sometimes after bad shots. (7)
29 See 22 down
30 A sign of soft livers and good leaders, possibly. (10)

DOWN

1 See 20 down
2 and 9 There's a broken button between the final part first and the first part (with a point in it) as the final part. (Finally, there's still a point in it.) (4,3,3,5)
3 Nine to one on this man. (Turner in classical manner.) (5)
4 The bravado of D'Artagnan? (9)
5 An extreme growth of members, sometimes driven hard. (5)
7 Weapon associated with the air force? (4,3)
8 The best people make speeches, and this might put them in office. (10)
14 More than one well-known jazzman made them sweet. (5,5)
16 It takes a certain amount of craft to send something a few feet. (8)
18 As far as this is confused with the same point fore and aft, it's a source of flavor. (9)
20 and 1 down Perhaps your estate could suggest a better sub-title for *As You Like It* instead of *Twelfth Night*. (4,3,4)
22 and 29 across It's smart to understand a sort of musical work, traditionally suggested by Jewish mothers. (7,4)
24 Fire right in the road, sort of. (5)
25 Didn't like at all to be in the throes of death. (5)
26 Goddess related to Bebe? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1669

ACROSS: 1 Sticking point; 9 Route; 10 Undecayed; 11 Waddles; 12 Century; 13 Noted; 14 Forcemeat; 16 Hidebound; 18 Batch; 19 and 7 What's it to you; 21 Cranmer; 22 Negotiate; 23 Antic; 24 Supreme Courts. DOWN: 1 Straw in the wind; 2 Inundated; 3 Kneeled; 4 Nouns; 5 Pedicured; 6 Incense; 8 A Day at the Races; 14 Frustrate; 15 Estimator; 17 Bus Stop; 18 Bravado; 20 Argus; 21 Crete.

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